THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1741 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 3, 1933

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P.A.32.

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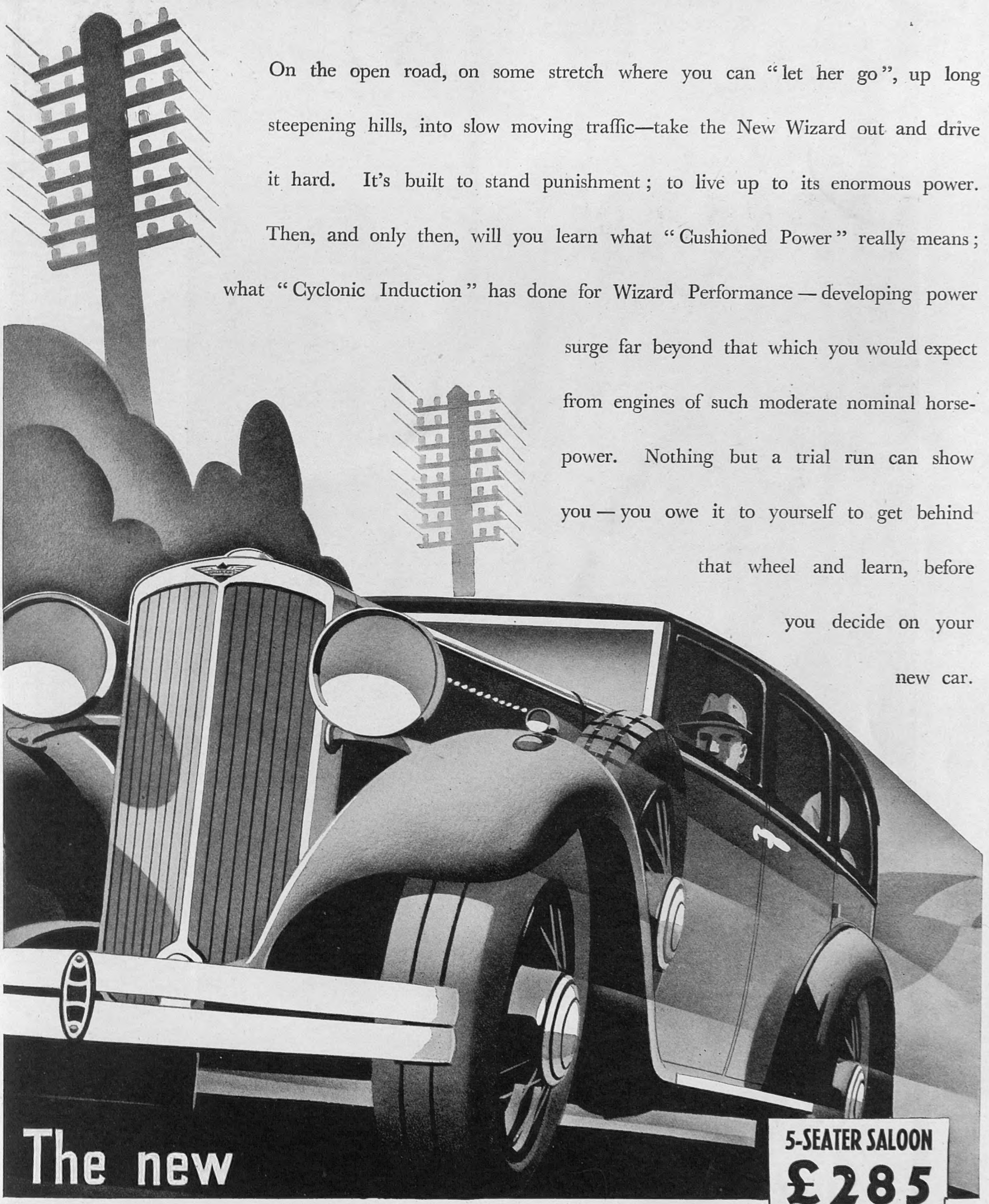

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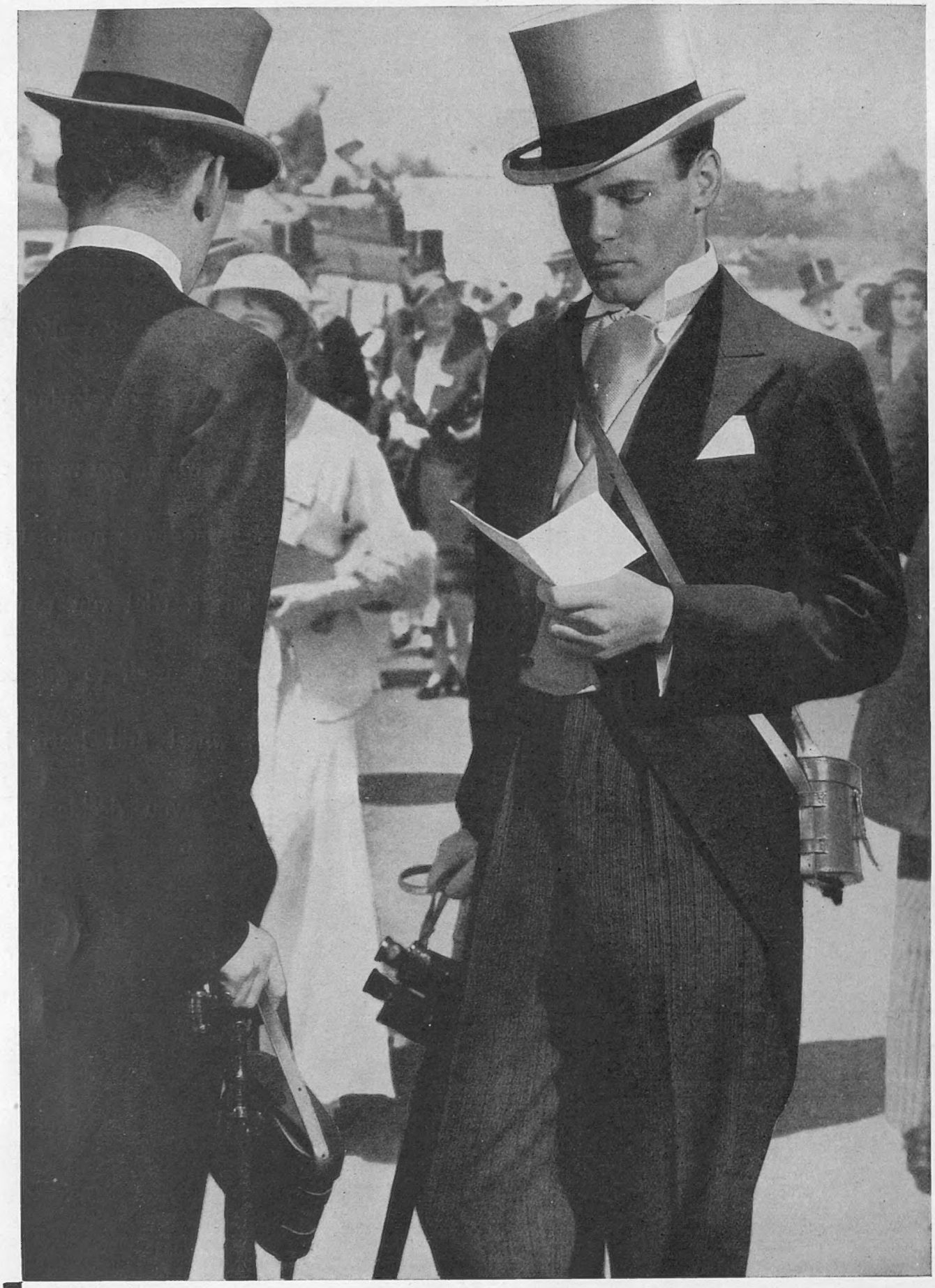

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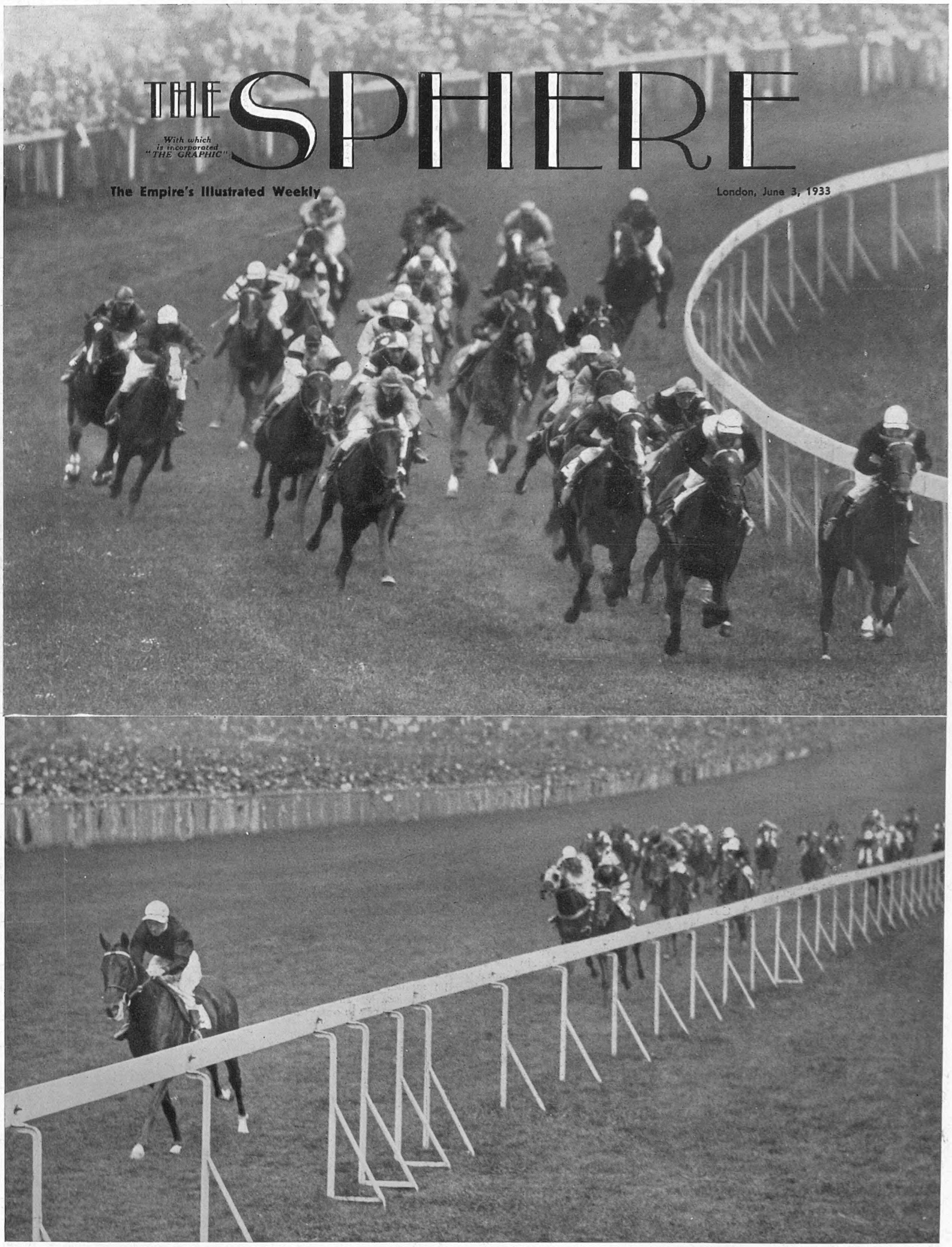
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 3, 1933



LORD DERBY'S DERBY

A Runaway Victory for Hyperion, the Last Minute Favourite, in the Colours of one of the Turf's Most Popular Owners

The 1933 Derby resulted in a popular victory for Lord Derby's well-backed colt Hyperion. Starting favourite at 6 to 1 in a field of twenty-four, Hyperion made all the running from Tattenham Corner to win comfortably by four lengths from Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's King Salmon (H. Wragg) and Mr. Victor Emanuel's Statesman (B. Carslake). The winner was admirably ridden by T. Weston, who thus scored his second success for Lord Derby in the famous race. He won previously in 1924 on Sansovino. The above pictures, rushed to "The Sphere" office immedialely after the finish, show (top) Lord Derby's second string, Thrapston, ridden by S. Donoghue, leading the field round Tattenham Corner with Hyperion and Statesman in close attendance. In the second picture the winner is drawing away from his rivals on the rise up to the winning post. The popular fancy, Manitoba, never appeared with a winning chance and quite evidently was unable to stay the course. It is of interest that the name of the winner, a product of classical legend, is frequently mispronounced. The correct pronunciation is Hyperion, with a long accent on the "i." Hyperion shared the distinction with Happy Call of being one of the two smallest horses in the field

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

THE OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION of all battalions of the Grenadier Guards paraded at Wellington Barracks last Sunday. After a service at the Guards' Chapel they marched to the Guards' Memorial. The Duke of Wellington is seen taking the salute during the march

346, STRAND,
W.C.,
Wednesday,
May 31, 1933.

"MI-CA-REME." — We are living in a somewhat artificial *mi-carême*, sandwiched in between a long period of utter despair and a time of decisions so fateful and still so doubtful that any prophecy would be foolish. But the very existence of a *mi-carême* of quiet hope and reviving confidence to-day would have seemed incredible a month ago. It has come like a sudden rift in a leaden sky and the sun shines down on the sweet of our English year and the season's great carnival time. We have been suffered to pack up our troubles in the old kit-bag and join the glad throng to Epsom Downs; to revel among the flowers at Chelsea, among the gay uniforms at Olympia and on the Horse Guards, among the dairymaids at Wimbledon, the tiaras at Covent Garden, and the golden lads on Agar's plough and Upper Club; and even to lay our plans and lay out our money to dazzle all rivals among the rhododendrons at Ascot. For this relief, much thanks. A *mi-carême* of hope, however short, enjoyed not only in Mayfair, but in the City, is a rarity indeed and better than we expected. In the arid desert, an oasis is welcomed even though the well should prove to be dry and the dates shrivelled.

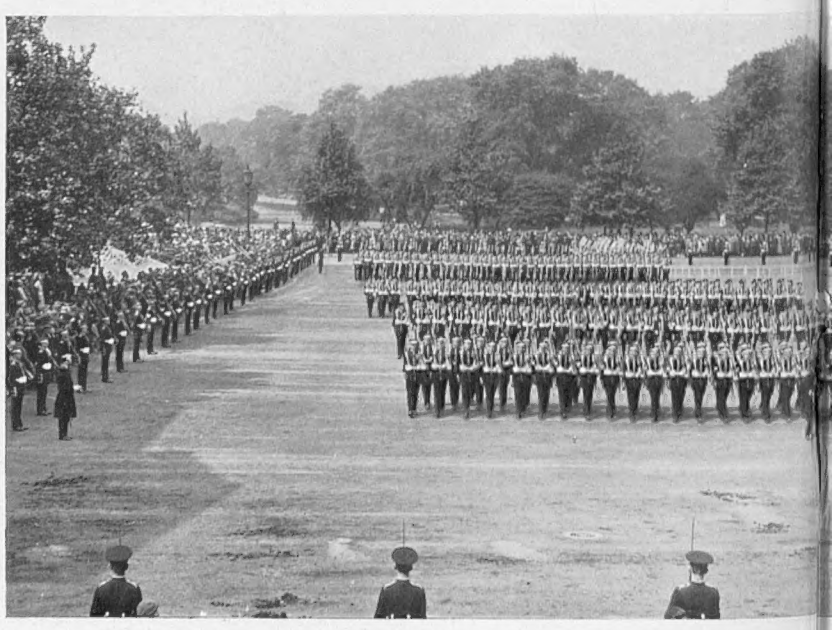
MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, who died in Middlesex Hospital last week, seen during a war recruiting campaign when he was at the height of his popularity and his services as a creator of enthusiasm for the Allied cause were in the keenest demand

HORATIO B.— Yes, sir, I heard him in court three times, perhaps more, and there is no doubt that the Law Courts were his spiritual home and that in conducting his own cases he showed *dignity* as well as ability. I spoke *to* him at Oxford on one occasion and *of* him at Oxford often. We would "couple his name" with Bradlaugh, but to do us justice he was never our hero. Even in callow youth we summed him up as a queer compound of ignorance and brains, of courage and bluster, of hypocrisy and rare moments of sincerity. As a jury-charming barrister he might have gone far, for he had all the weapons of the demogogue and the actor—the easy tear, the catch in the voice, the solemnity of tone reserved for a patriotic outburst. Sometimes, when mildly elevated, Hyde got the better of Jekyll and he would glory in his hypocrisy in order to stress his power as an actor. I saw him in France in his tin-hat, looking like a gnome turned into a toadstool. The "boys," of course, believed in him; it paid him to champion the dear boys in the trenches and other unhealthy spots. *John Bull* was gospel to all below a certain educational standard. If it is in *John Bull*, it *is* so (for the current week at any rate). So it was under Bottomley management—a scandal per week, with lurid or unpleasant details for choice, shown up in the name of morality or patriotism and dropped like an old shoe before next issue. I rather hope he was not a "typical Englishman"; though I have not yet met the article, I like to think he is more sincere, more stable, sounder in money transactions, yes and fundamentally braver, than was H. B. But H. B. had some qualities. Energy and ability which he employed when it seemed worth his while; a real genius as a pleader; a belief in his star which is a part of genius; and in defeat the courage, not perhaps of the bulldog but of the rat. But at his worst, he was sometimes just an ignorant, vulgar, coarse, vainglorious hypocrite, and he was by nature one of those men who had as much qualification for "high finance" as a guinea pig. One of the things that most disillusions me about the British character is the type of man whom certain constituencies elect to represent them in Parliament. Bottomley rose high and touched bottom. He fingered the lily and he touched pitch. And in the processes he became neither bigger nor smaller, cleaner nor dirtier, than Nature made him. He was just Bottomley all the time, Horatio Bottomley at that.

ON THE GROUND FLOOR.—If and when the capitalist system lies on its death-bed, a stiffened corpse, a medical examination will reveal graven on its heart the word "ground floor." Every examination of the methods of great financial houses, whether resulting from some discovered scandal or whether held during an inquiry into the workings of highly reputable firms, reveals the fact that important people, rich men and those in the inner ring, constantly benefit at the expense of the "widow and orphan." The inner ring gets in "on the ground floor," the investing public pays the turn for the rich man by buying shares on the same day at a much higher price. The most respectable financier cannot resist the lure to feather his nest on these favoured terms, and must often recommend to his poor relations at a stated price shares which he himself is securing at a handsome discount. The practice throws suspicion and dislike on the City and on all "big business." We are always hoping that our own big financiers are above such methods and we are sometimes disillusioned. In racecourse betting, such discrepancy in opportunity is not found. Sane men call betting a mug's game. There is just as good reason for so describing speculation and even sober investment on the Exchange. There is always a zero in favour of the Bank—or the big Bankers and other pundits.

MAJOR-GENERAL
Major Pitt of the
parade ground at
the Old

THE NEW HEAD.— The M's have it—not. Mr. Smith of Balliol prefers to remain in the heart of Midlothian. Mr. Claude Elliott, unknown in the world of public schools, comes, a dark horse, to the Eton stables. But it is not to be supposed that the stables are Augean. The necessity for root and branch reform is not felt at Eton, nor, until Capitalism is really dead, will be. He is come to renew his memories of the Eton tradition, absorbed in school-days as tug and oppidan. He has remarkable qualities, some of them inherited from a remarkable father of pre-eminent moral courage and even revolutionary theories. Sir Charles Elliott began with the Mutiny and ended at Toynbee Hall. Mr. Elliott is young. He pulled a fair oar, got a first in history, is nuts on finance and



REHEARSING THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR FOR TO-DAY'S CEREMON

domestic economy, and is one of the makers of modern Cambridge. He is a sound Churchman, though he wears his collars as you and I do. He climbs mountains for the fun of the thing. He is married and has a boy at Eton. All these virtues and advantages, inherited or acquired, will stand him in good stead in the first months of digging in.

A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.—Ten years ago to-morrow (June 1) the great house of Stowe, with its historic and literary traditions, opened its noble doors as a public school. The Prince is to honour the celebrations of its tenth birthday. The great house was built by Lord Cobham, one of Marlborough's old officers, who married a great heiress. He ornamented the grounds with temples, set up vases to the nine Muses, and set forth in verse and worse the merits of his friends, graven on pediments and stone seats. The rude soldier, whose own conversation suited

LORD LOCH *(right)* and Company Sergeant-King's Company of the Grenadiers on the Wellington Barracks last Sunday before Comrades' Association ceremonies

best the barrack-room, aspired in old age to be a highbrow and a patron of art and letters. He drew to Stowe the poets and poetasters, Pope before all. Here, too, gathered Chesterfield and Bolingbroke, and all the tribe of Lytteltons and Grenvilles, and here, too, was to be found William Pitt and all the younger politicians who were in revolt against Walpole. From Cobham, Stowe passed to his sister, and the Temples whose heads became Dukes of Buckingham; and the great traditions of classic taste long continued. Before they faded, Mr. Roxburgh stepped in and preserved them for ever, breathing fresh life and vigour into the haunts of the Muses and adapting to a democratic age the ease and uplift which were the best privileges of the Age of Privilege. Stowe, to-day (thanks to him and to its inherited traditions), is one of the six best public schools.

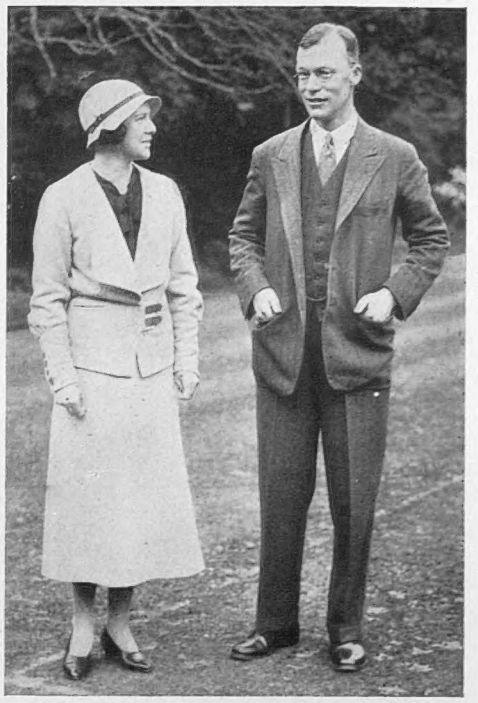
OPPOSITION AT ITS WORST.—The Metropolitan Police Bill passed its second reading last week by a large majority after affording Mr. Lansbury the opportunity to make an exhibition of himself and those for whom he claimed to speak. Whether that following altogether relished the implications of Mr. Lansbury's ill-considered tirade was questionable. The leader of the "true Socialists" was revealed as a particularly hide-bound die-hard. The inspirer of revolutionary reforms revolted from the very word "revolutionary." He trembled at the idea of reform, his slogan was "the world went very well then," and his idea of progress was to let sleeping dogs lie. What matter if crime increased and thieves flourished? The man in blue was a legend. Leave us still our old institutions, moss-grown though they be. The inexorable evolution to Toryism of the typical Socialist amused an indulgent if mildly bored House while Mr. Lansbury reduced his weight with the thermometer at 76 deg. But somehow his argument that a higher standard of education was of no avail to raise the level of reasoning and deduction was not strengthened by his own methods of developing it. The official Socialists, indeed, might well take a leaf from the printed book of proposed police reforms, and institute in the party a cadet training college, a raising of the educational standard in the personnel, and indeed a shorter term of service for party leaders. Lord Snowden's attack in the Lords on Mr. MacDonald was crude enough and found little sympathy. One or two obvious criticisms and patent truths were blurred with drops of vitriol and the time was singularly ill-chosen.

OF HATS.—Of most tasks which he undertakes it may be said of the Prince that "he can do it on his head." Yet by a curious anomaly his efforts to re-introduce into favour the boater or straw hat seem to contradict the verdict, which must have been coined for this very achievement. For two years and more Luton has watched with gratitude the efforts of the Prince and his brothers to bring back her staple product. Success, however, has been partial only. Now, there is no hat ever yet designed for man which is not open to some objection. The Prince himself has special problems to face in the choice of headgear. He is for ever required to be raising his hat in acknowledgment. Hence the Trilby or squash hat with its flabby brim and adjustable dent is ruled out. It is the hat for a solitary, it must be carefully set on the head and left there in peace. No good at all for a popular Prince or a man of large acquaintance. The bowler is good enough, tidy, comfortable and easily removed, but obviously unsuited to the dog days. Hence, for the Prince, his interest in the boater, with its stiff brim and cast-iron crown. But the boater's weakness is in the shallowness of the brim; it is the sport of the winds, and in an island like ours (or Jamaica) high winds are apt to spring up incontinent and unlooked-for. The Royal hat must not play cart wheels along the pavements. And even the stockbroker cuts a sorry figure chasing his headwear down Threadneedle Street. I have always wondered why Luton has not concentrated on a straw *bowler*, to my mind the ideal summer hat. Then again the grey felt bowler is smart and sensible, and for ceremonial occasion the grey topper should be standardized for weddings and funerals alike. Its advance at Lord's during the past decade has been remarkable. I have always regretted the shortness of the reign of the panama. A good panama was an admirable summer hat. It could be replaced intact on the head after a salutation, it was becoming and adequately tidy—if the straw were not too fine, its brim did not flap in the breeze, and it adhered to the head, even to the coolest head. The beret is hideous; the ticket collector's hat will never take on with a nation definitely opposed to uniform. But for myself I speak impersonally. In middle age I have found the "all-purposes" hat at long last. An expensive, soft but stiff black felt, moulded by use to the head, will do duty for day and night wear in London and on the Continent, can be worn at memorial services at a pinch, is easily disposed at theatres, is accepted in St. James's, and (it seems to me) lends to the wearer a suggestion of intellect, distinction, and character at once Bohemian and Cosmopolitan.

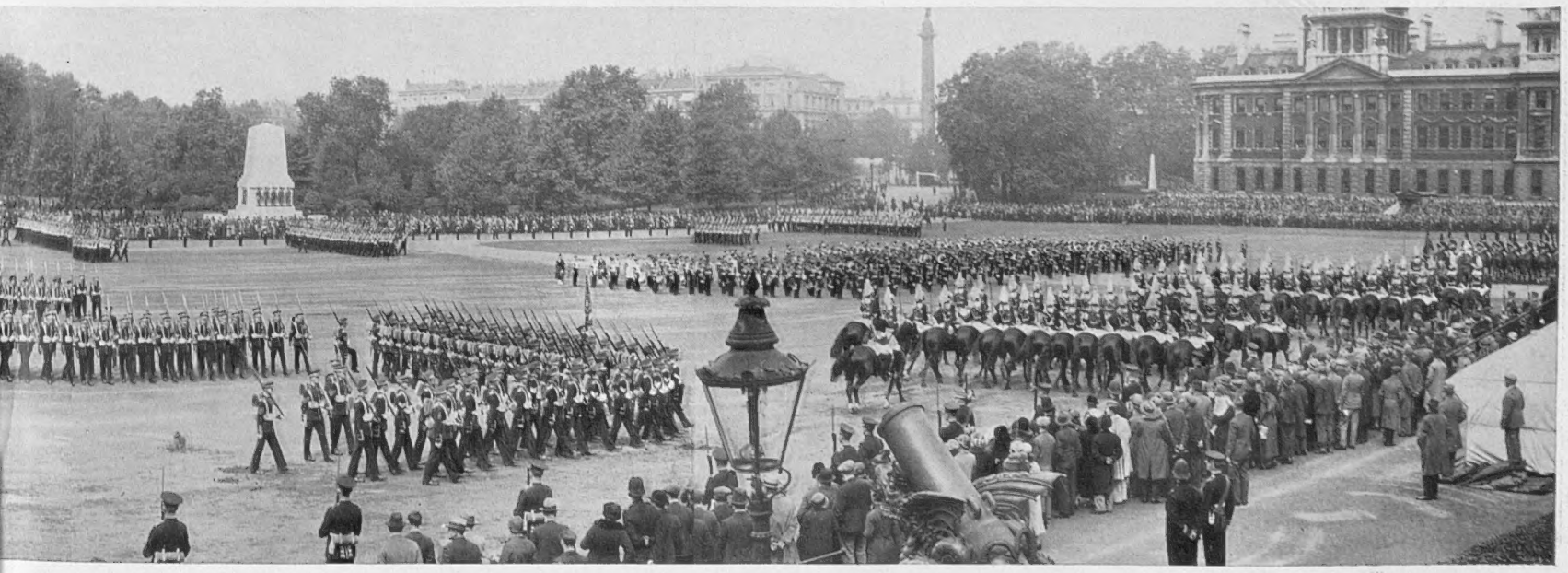
"RUS IN URBE." — The country cousins enjoyed their bit of the London season last week when the Flower Show was staged—an expressive word for once—at Chelsea, and the "Bath and West" at Wimbledon. Every year the Chelsea Show means more to the general public, and every year there seems less reason for transplanting and "staging" in London sections of formal gardens. For it is open to everyone nowadays to see for a shilling's fee every device of the landscape gardener's art, of Nature's genius and of the co-operation of man and Nature, each in its original setting, in a thousand private gardens opened under the Nursing Scheme; and for Londoners it is strawberries, rhododendrons, and roses all the way from now on to the end of the season. But these elaborate fakes give immense pleasure and advertise deservedly the names of their creators.

BATH AND WEST.—But whereas nowadays your true Londoner is an experienced gardener, he is more ignorant of agriculture than his father, who could watch the milking of cows in Hyde Park, and every department of husbandry and agriculture within the six-mile radius. Those days are over, and the Londoner who penetrated a mile or two down the Kingston By-pass learned a lot as he mingled with his Wiltshire and Somersetshire cousins at the Bath and West. He learned how British farmers and fruit growers are coping with the task of canning the fruits of the earth to meet the demands of lazy housewives and toy kitchenettes. He watched a model dairy at work and learned the multiplicity of processes necessary to bring pure milk from cow to area steps. He learned how "lounge suits" are clipped from woolly sheep and how luncheon baskets are woven from the withy beds of Somersetshire. He saw a ton of British beef contentedly munching sweet hay and half-a-dozen squealing breeds of breakfast rashers. And before he left, it is to be hoped, the business acumen of the organizers drove a great lesson home and taught him not only that British produce is the best and purest, and therefore the cheapest, but how to recognize by their markings the products of British farms. The centuries-old domestic economy, lore, and prudence handed down from mother to daughter have been in the last decades thrown on the scrap-heap and the canfed young housewife of to-day is inclined to ask with "silly little Rosy," "Do the pretty cows give us coffee, too, papa?" The Bath and West has helped to teach the modern Londoner the answer to that and other domestic problems.

THE OLD STAGER



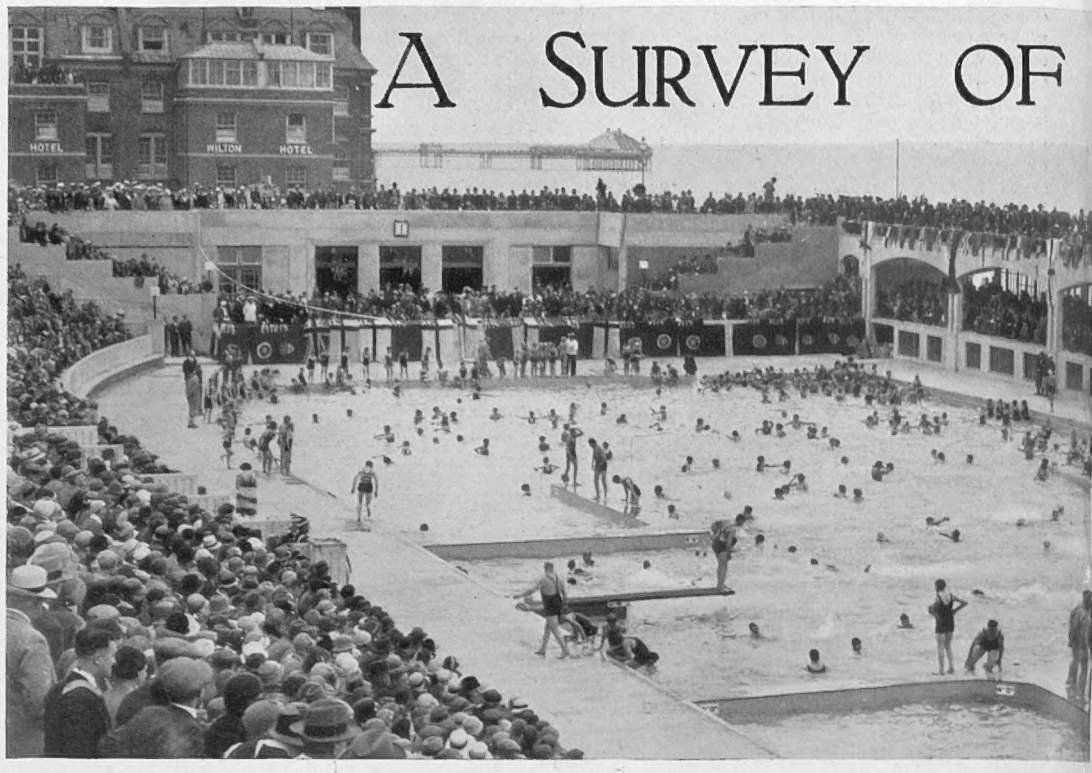
A SURPRISE APPOINTMENT: Mr. Claude Elliott, who was announced last week as the new Headmaster of Eton, seen with his wife in the grounds of their Cambridge home after receiving the news of his appointment. Mr. Elliott is a Fellow and Senior Tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge, and is an old Etonian



The March Past led by the Life Guards. At the time of going to press the announcement was made that the King would be unable to attend the ceremony and that his place would be taken by the Prince of Wales

A SURVEY OF

THE NEW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO DENMARK: Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen seen arriving with her granddaughter at Copenhagen on the S.S. *Scanstates* from New York

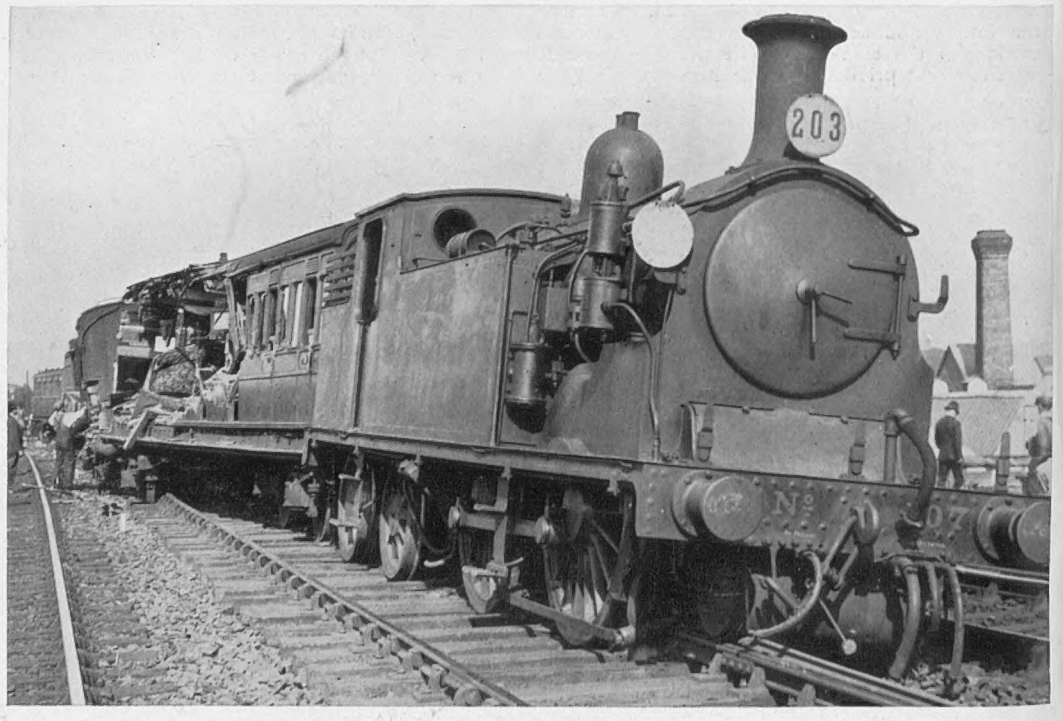


NEW SOUTH COAST SWIMMING BATHS: the new Hastings and St. Leonards largest

THE NIPPIEST NIPPY: Lord Lonsdale presenting Miss Emily Byers of Lime Street, Liverpool, judged the most efficient nippy in England, with a cheque for £100 at Lyons Sports Ground, Sudbury

IN SMILING MOOD: Mrs. Helen Wills Moody seen in London after her arrival from the United States

THE PRINCE'S FLYING VISIT: The Prince of Wales leaving Star Castle, St. Mary's Island, during his flying visit to the Scilly Islands last week. He made the journey from Cornwall in an R.A.F. flying boat



DERAILED ON THE SOUTHERN: The wrecked coaches and derailed engine after last week's Southern Railway accident at Wimbledon. The engine left the metals between Raynes Park and Wimbledon and crashed sidelong into a London-bound express from Southampton. Five persons were killed and thirty injured. Some hours elapsed before the permanent way was clear

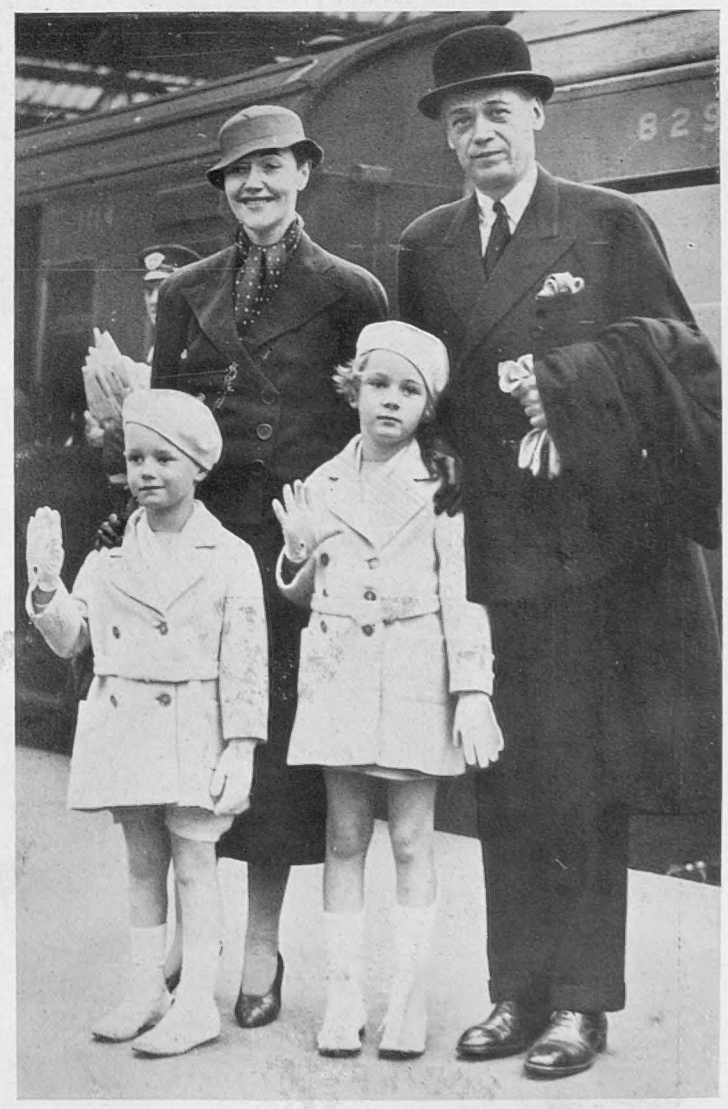
CURRENT NEWS

A general view of last Saturday's opening by Sir Humphrey Rolleston, G.C.V.O., of Baths. There is also a magnificent indoor swimming pool, which is claimed to be the of its kind in England, and well-equipped Turkish baths

SOCIETY SANDWICH WOMEN: Miss Primrose Salt and Lady Marguerite Bligh seen in Park Lane advertising the Horseshoe Ball at the Dorchester. A part of the proceeds is being devoted to the Old War Horses' Fund

THE CENTRE OF ADMIRATION: Young pupils of the Nora Wyatt School of Dancing at Teddington pause in their rehearsals to admire a diploma won by a youthful companion. With their chubby legs and short, frilly frocks they made a pretty picture

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD: Crowds inspecting the wreckage at the junction of Earl Road and Salisbury Street, near Wavertree, Liverpool, following the collision of a motor van and a two-seater car which met with a terrific impact near the pavement and demolished a garden wall and crushed a child in a wheeled chair



THE CULBERTSON TEAM: Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson, the U.S. Bridge experts and the most discussed players in the world, seen at Waterloo Station with their children after arriving from America. They are making arrangements for the Anglo-American Tournament at Grosvenor House

THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

Geneva Moves to London—A Denationalized Personnel

By EDWARD BRADDEN

The world in general seems to be under the impression that on June 12 next His Britannic Majesty King George V, Emperor of India and Sovereign of the Dominions beyond the Seas, the great and gracious monarch in whose person is represented what is still the might of the British Empire, is to open at the new Geological Museum, South Kensington, a World Economic Conference.

Now that is all the more remarkable because this is not in reality what His Majesty is going to do. The impression may perhaps have been fostered because, whenever this event is officially mentioned, it is always endowed with full-size capital letters, and so the idea has grown that this is some miraculous and spontaneous effort of a suddenly united world to solve its financial worries in one heroic and concentrated effort. That, alas! is not the case.

The true title of this assembly should read, "League of Nations Monetary and Economic Conference." "World Economic Conference" is merely a species of slogan for the purposes of propaganda. The plain fact is that this Conference is simply a glorified side show of the League of Nations, and that it is largely for the convenience of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—who has decided temporarily to change his rôle from that of "Wandering Boy" to that of "The Man Who Stayed at Home"—to be held in London.

When this great adventure was first thought of, the fifty-six nations which already paid—or did not pay—their subscriptions to the League had no option but to fall in with the idea. And as no one in these hard times can afford to lose the chance of anything which may be going, ten other nations hurried up to join the Conference on the invitation of the League. These included such strangely contrasted countries as Afghanistan, Saudite Arabia, the United States, Iceland, and Soviet Russia. Poor little Danzig, feeling it possible that she would secure some measure of protection in this imposing assembly, also made application. And well she might with Nazis swarming all over her "Free State," and every sealed train which passes up and down the crazy Corridor threatening her with a conflagration in which her "freeness" would go up in flames.

But the most poignant moment at the Conference will be when M. Litvinoff and his colleagues from Red Russia listen to the King's speech in the Assembly Hall at South Kensington.

Still there were a number of countries who, like the famous curate in *The Private Secretary*, "did not like London." In particular the habitués of Geneva could not bear the thought of leaving their international spiritual home beside the lake. So a motherly British Government undertook to make them as comfortable as possible in a temporary "home from home" in London. Behold, therefore, Mr. Hersly, chief of the Internal Organization Department of the League Secretariat at Geneva, installed in that vast new building at South Kensington where, after the hopes of this modern world have either been realized or shattered, there will be—fittingly enough—housed exhibits of a structure of more enduring formation than a palace of international dreams.

It is interesting to record here that Mr. Hersly is an Austrian. This is mentioned not in the least in an unfriendly spirit, but for the purpose of illustrating the theory which underlies the working of this international band of brothers at Geneva. For apart from the main purpose of its covenant, which is to seek peace and ensue it, where it can, the League acts as a sort of body of "Universal Aunts." It looks after the health and social habits of quite a number of peoples. Or take the River Danube. It has to keep a friendly eye on the navigability of the river, the lighting of channels, buoyage, the upkeep of locks, dams, wharves, and so on. And to see that this work is properly done, it has to wrestle with the diplomats of seven different nations. So you can see how busy the League must be.

And to accomplish all these things, the Secretariat, the permanent officials, must obviously be internationally-minded. And you may take it that they are—thoroughly so. The Secretariat is largely composed of nationals who have been denationalized. When the Council has ratified an appointment, the individual concerned has to sign an affirmation that he will no longer serve his own country or think of any other country, but will serve the League and the League alone. Well, I am told that this thing gets into the blood and that the Secretariat of the League is loyally "international."

So in South Kensington Mr. Hersly is stoutly getting on with his international job. Urbane and polished gentlemen from the Foreign Office are on the spot to assist him. Charming officials from the Government Hospitality Fund welcome his suggestions, while even the more stolid people from the Office of Works are working overtime to get the colossal job on the Museum done in time.

It will be beautiful when it is finished. It will be hardly possible to tell the Assembly Hall at South Kensington from the original at Geneva, even down to the colour scheme, the hangings, and the neat little lidded desks—except, of course, that there will have to be extra accommodation to provide for the gentlemen from Iceland, Red Russia, and U.S.A. They are expecting forty-five delegates, experts, etc., from America alone.

There are always the experts. The League never does anything without experts. And these will be housed in Committee Rooms just off the Assembly Chamber.

One wonders what will happen when the new Babel—with the assistance of the interpreters—gets to work. It has been said somewhere that the Conference is starting "in a fog." Let us hope it won't settle down into a "London particular." But it is no secret that things have gone disastrously awry. It was hoped, it was indeed fully believed, that before the Conference got down to "brass tacks" on gold and currencies, etc., the Disarmament Conference would have been brought to a triumphant issue and that the whole crippling and frightening business of War Debts would have been finally disposed of.

In regard to Disarmament, it is difficult to speak. As this article is written, there is a report that the Four Power Pact was ready for signing and sealing and that some portions of the globe might rejoice in a ten years' holiday from war. At the same time it was announced that there were to be universal rejoicings in Germany in honour of the victory of the Battle of Jutland. In respect to War Debts there is so far nothing but gloom. In that matter it would seem that whatever Mr. Roosevelt might generously propose, Congress would ungenerously dispose. One thing too is quite certain, that in the "Draft Annotated Agenda" of the Conference submitted by the "Preparatory Commission of Experts," there is not one word on War Debts. I know that the League's officials were hanging on to the last moment before issuing their final agenda, but that they were doubtful if hope would be realized in time; if there were any hope at all. But I was informed, although there may be no mention of War Debts in the final agenda, anyone can raise the issue—anyone. The Dominican Republic, for instance.

It is a position fraught with drama of an uncomfortable kind. Germany settled her reparations business with a capital sum. France won't pay because others won't pay her. We can't afford to pay because, among other nations, France has given up paying us. On the third morning after the first sitting of the Conference we are due to pay America. No provision for that payment has been made in the Budget. Do we pay or do we not? Is it possible that the Prime Minister of England will have to face a Conference representing sixty-six nations sitting in the heart of the British Empire, with England branded as a defaulter? Surely Mr. MacDonald could not have believed such a contingency possible when he returned from his latest wanderings.

The League's great difficulty, of course, is its inability to invent means to enforce agreements made under its auspices. Take one small instance. Its International Labour Office, in a worthy attempt to prevent unfair competition, secured an arrangement whereby men employed in certain basic industries in Hungary did not work for more than eight hours a day. But starving men will take a job whatever the conditions may be, and many of the men in those industries are still working sixteen hours a day.

That, of course, is a minor matter, but when it comes to a question of wars the position seems to be the same. One has only to think of South America and of China, and if you study the reports of the Permanent Court of International Justice attached to the League you will see that that Court has to adjudicate on grave International matters; and that short of an overwhelming International army with its G.H.Q. at Geneva, the findings of this Court might conceivably provoke hostilities rather than prevent them.

"Nobody wants war." That phrase is going like a parrot-cry round the world. Of course "nobody wants war"; and if people were to examine the chances of there being war instead of whimpering

THE G.P.O. PARADES ITS RESOURCES: Post Office Museum, South Kensington. In all there will be except Japan, will be able to get in touch with

CHILI: M. Saavedra (first delegate)

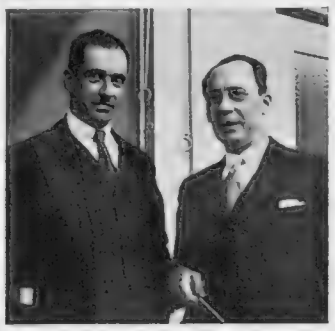
PORTUGAL: M.

COMMISSARY OF THE LEAGUE: Mr. Grosdal

POLAND: M. Beck, Foreign Minister

GERMANY AND DANZIG: Herr Von Keller (centre) and Dr. Ziehm, President of Danzig Senate

engineers installing the main switchboard at the Geological ninety-seven telephone booths, and delegates of all nations, their separate Governments at a few moments' notice



Vaconcelos (left) MEXICO: Colonel Ruiz (right)

WHAT THE CONFERENCE IS

The Immense Task Before the Delegates

By AN ECONOMIC EXPERT

Lausanne, Locarno, Washington, Genoa, London, Rapallo, Paris and Versailles. And Geneva. In each there has been a conference, discussing immense problems, making formulas and pacts. And still the world remains in a state of economic and political chaos. And now for London, and the World Economic Conference, the biggest of all and with the biggest problems to face. The biggest problems, because they are all those left over from all the other conferences since the War, plus those particular problems of international trade and finance that have arisen since August, 1931.

The agenda of the Conference, as prepared by the Preparatory Commission of Experts, gives some idea of the immensity of the work that lies before the delegates. Its six main points are:

Monetary and Credit Policy,
Prices,
Resumption of the Movement of Capital,
Restrictions on International Trade,
Tariff and Treaty Policy,
Organization of Production and Trade.

There are two other factors which dominate all these, but they are not on the agenda. They are Disarmament and War Debts, and the latter is possibly the greater. War Debts and Reparations are barred from the Conference. It is understood that they are to be the subject of "private conversations," so beloved by politicians, to take place outside the Conference hall. Yet the grim fact remains that the whole question of debts and reparations, unless settled, will prevent any real progress. The Conference opens on Monday (June 12). We are due to pay another instalment of our debt to the United States on June 15. So is France, which has not yet paid the instalment due on December 15 last. A friend of mine with much practical experience of conferences and their doings has described the agenda of the Conference as a performance of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark omitted from it!

When the delegates read the draft agenda as prepared by the experts they will find some very pertinent remarks, so pertinent that they are obviously the work of economists and not of politicans. On war debts they say that "in our opinion it is essential that this question shall be settled and that the settlement shall relieve the world of further anxiety concerning the disturbing effects of such payments upon financial, economic and currency stability. *Until there is such a settlement, or the definite prospect of such a settlement, these debts will remain an insuperable barrier to economic and financial reconstruction.*"

Figures of world trade and world prices give some idea of how great this reconstruction has got to be. In 1929 the world's total of imports was 2,716 million gold dollars; in 1932 the total was 1,061 million gold dollars. In 1929 total exports were 2,446 million gold dollars; in 1932 948 million gold dollars. Thus in four years imports were more than halved and exports shrank to an even greater degree. Our imports fell from 450 to 190 million gold dollars, and our exports from 295 to 106. And we have been comparatively fortunate. The United States exports fell from 429 to 134 in the four years, France's from 163 to 64. At the same time the devastating fall in commodity prices has increased the burden of fixed charges and debts, made profits smaller and losses greater, adding to the enormous total of unemployed in the world. Nobody is quite sure of the total. Britain, the States, France and Germany alone have about 24 million workless. The following table shows how wholesale commodity prices have fallen:

	United Kingdom	U.S.A.
1928 - -	100	100
1932 (1st quarter)	75.1	68.8
(4th quarter)	72.0	65.8
1933 (1st quarter)	70.5	—

	France	Germany	Italy
1928 - -	100	100	100
1932 (1st quarter)	68.7	71.3	68.2
(4th quarter)	64.0	66.8	64.1
1933 (1st quarter)	—	—	—

Such is the problem that the Conference has to face in its task of "economic and financial reconstruction."

The question before the Conference is to what extent the shrinkage of world trade and the fall in prices is due to (*a*) the breakdown of the gold standard and consequent currency restrictions, and (*b*) the imposition of quotas and tariffs. On these restrictions on trade the experts who drew up the Conference agenda again have something very pointed to say:

"Three years of world-wide dislocation have generated a vast network of restraints upon the normal conduct of business. In the field of international trade, prohibitions, quotas, clearing agreements, exchange restrictions, throttle business enterprises and individual initiative. Defensively intended, and in many instances forced by unavoidable monetary and financial emergencies, these measures have developed into a state of virtual economic warfare. . . . If a full and durable recovery is to be effected, this prevailing conflict of national economies must be resolved.

"The measures to be adopted to this end constitute the problem which the Governments must shortly face in London. In essence, the necessary programme is one of economic disarmament. In the movement towards economic reconciliation the Armistice was signed at Lausanne; the London Conference must draft the Treaty of Peace. Failure in this critical undertaking threatens a world-wide adoption of ideals of national self-sufficiency which cut unmistakably athwart the lines of economic development. Such a choice would shake the whole system of international finance to its foundations. Standards of living would be lowered, and the social system as we know it would hardly survive. . . . The responsibility of Governments is clear and inescapable."

It would be dangerous to assume that an all-round reduction in tariffs agreed to by the Conference would meet with universal favour. There are many industries, particularly in this country, but in other countries as well, that are benefiting materially from the introduction of tariffs. Such industries will not desire to see their protective barriers removed. The Federation of British Industries has expressed its conviction that "agreement to a tariff truce by His Majesty's Government without expressly safeguarding its right to continue the elaboration of the existing British tariff would not only seriously imperil the present development of British industry, but would also greatly prejudice its future." The Federation also very rightly points out that such a truce would "prevent His Majesty's Government from taking any such action as may be necessary to protect British industry from the competition of countries with standards of life and conditions of labour out of all relation to those existing in Great Britain." Some countries, notably France, have imposed quotas on all sorts and kinds of goods imported from abroad. The countries thus affected have promptly retaliated.

The problems before the Conference are enormous, and many doubt whether the statesmen of the world to-day are big enough to deal with them. Their task, if they are to be successful, is nothing less than to re-model the world's economic system, to go so far perhaps as to introduce a new basis for money, to persuade nations to lay aside those very economic weapons that they look upon as their strength in this time of trial. The Conference has to complete the work—and repair the faults—of a score of other conferences. It has to reconcile a thousand and one conflicting interests. A great responsibility rests upon the British delegation and upon the British nation as a whole. We have dared to give a lead to bring sixty odd nations together to discuss their afflictions. We have an opportunity to show the world that this country is the most stable.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC: Dr. Ruiz Guinazu

CUBA: M. Aguerro y Bethancourt

for peace, they might extract some comfort from the process. The Russian Army, in spite of all its Red Square propaganda, is hopeless as a war machine. When Japan thrust up towards Russia, Russia drew back. Poland does not want war. She has a vast man-power but a lack of armaments. Mussolini does not want war except, just possibly, in certain contingencies, which are a long way off. Hitler, in spite of all his sabre-rattling, ferocious oratory, Jew baiting and Jutland "joy days," is not at all anxious for war. The spirit may be willing, but the arms are weak. France abhors the thought of war. She is in an hysterical panic about it. The people there are far more pacifist than we in England think. They suffered more terribly than most of us understand. The marks of the Blonde Beast are on them yet. Hence France's insistent cry for "Security, Security."

And goodness knows that we don't want war. Within the past few days we have had Sir John Simon hurriedly reiterating "No more commitments in Europe." But how do we know where we stand in regard to pacts, and how do we know that any pacts entered into by the League will ever be kept? The League cannot enforce its will.

And it may be that, for that reason alone, the League was doomed at that hour when Japanese troops were cutting through the Chinese forces as a knife cuts through butter; when the Japanese Government officially passed in its checks to the League while, unofficially, the Japanese people made a "long nose" which stretched all the way from Tokyo to Geneva.

She stands alone and unafraid, plucky, lucky Japan!

LITHUANIA AND ESTHONIA: M. Lanskoronski and M. Schmidt, representatives of two post-War Baltic States

SCHLAGETER DAY IN GERMANY: Last week the streets of Dusseldorf were gaily decorated with national flags and thronged with visitors from all parts of Germany who came to pay homage to Leo Schlageter, the first National hero of the Nazi regime. Schlageter was shot in Dusseldorf for his pro-German activities during the French occupation of the Ruhr

ONE MONTH OF HISTORY

A Survey of Current Events During May, 1933

A passing uneasiness entered the nation when the King, who had caught a chill, cancelled his public engagements for a fortnight. He recovered, however, in time to attend the Jubilee Concert of the Royal College of Music.

More disappointment followed with an announcement that because of rheumatism in the shoulder the King's medical advisers considered it wiser not to subject him to the strain of wearing full uniform. His Majesty would therefore not attend any of the Courts.

The Queen held four Courts, with the Prince of Wales and his brothers alternately deputizing for the King.

LOST GLORIES.—The Palace quadrangle was again this year thrown open for the cars of those summoned to Court, and no queues were permiited in the Mall. The populace thus lost its best free spectacle—that of plumed débutantes and chaperones lolling in limousines as they waited to move a few yards nearer the Palace. And the débutantes lost their usual chance to be press-photographed as studies in unconcern. No knitting debs, no card-playing or yo-yo debs, and no debs who read Roman history or *Twenty Years A' Growing* were therefore on view in 1933.

POLICE FORCE ADO.—Lord Trenchard, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, set out to make the force still more wonderful than is warranted by the usual praise from visiting foreigners. His annual report to the Home Secretary contained much outspoken criticism and recommended drastic reform.

Chief criticism was directed against the low educational level of the type of recruit, with the consequent difficulty of filling higher posts except from outside; the system of "private employment" of police in their spare time; and most stringent of all, the activities of the Police Federation, including "insubordinate statements which could not be tolerated in a disciplined service." The Police Union was becoming "a machine for fomenting discontent and stimulating resistance to Government decisions."

Lord Trenchard's proposals, and a Government Bill to implement them, included the following: A broader basis of recruitment: establishment of a police college: establishment of a "short-service" enlistment: and curtailment of the Police Federation's scope.

The Labour Party in Parliament opposed the reforms.

MAY MARCH OF THE NATIONS.—A brief review of May Day parades may form a key to the march of the nations during a momentous month.

Britain: The usual mild walks to parks and public squares, with a few Communist banners and an adequate number of police attendants chatting amiably with potential peace-breakers.

America: Dynamite explosions and some bomb-throwing from cars in Chicago. New York had a head-on march of Socialists and Communists, but a strong show of armed police prevented trouble.

Austria: Barbed-wire entanglements, machine-guns, and troops with rifles and fixed bayonets prevented serious disorder in Vienna, but nearly 300 people were detained by the police.

Russia: 50,000 soldiers and sailors paraded as usual past Lenin's tomb in Red Square, Moscow, with 1,000 tanks, 350 aeroplanes, and formidable artillery. Stalin took the salute while smoking a big, curved pipe.

—*And Germany:* The eyes and ears of the world were turned to Hitler's grandiose "new" May Day for the Nazi era. Workers marched to the giant demonstration, happy in the knowledge that they were paid a full day's wages for a full day's whoopee. More than 1,000,000 people attended. The number grew to 1,500,000 in the evening, when the Chancellor spoke in the Tempelhofer field beneath ten converging searchlights.

May Day under National Socialism, Herr Hitler trumpeted, was to be a new festival representing the German community of "spirit, mind, and fist for workman, peasant, and bourgeois."

HIS FOUR-YEAR PLAN.—Indicated labour conscription for all. Every German, high-born, rich or poor, professor's son and factory worker's child, should do manual labour once in his life. Unemployment was to be solved by private enterprise, a gigantic public programme of road-building "demanding milliards," and an attack on intolerable rates of interest on money.

HITLER PERORATION.—"Lord make us free. We want to strive, to work, to live in brotherhood until the time comes when we step before Him and say 'Lord, thou seest we have changed. The German people is no longer a people of dishonour, or shame or self-laceration, or timidity and little faith. No, Lord, the German people is become strong again.'"

AN INTERNATIONAL GOOSE-STEP.—Germany kept in the limelight as the month unfolded. The Nazis seized all trade unions, sacked their executives, took complete control of their 3,500,000 members, their funds and yearly budget of £10,000,000, their buildings and organization. They made vast public bonfires of "un-German" books. And they provoked so much international sabre-rattling that before long Germany found herself friendless and alone.

Sensational rumours were current of a large-scale "invasion" of Austria by 30,000 German Nazis who were to seize power by force of arms. Dr. Dollfuss, Austria's energetic Nationalist Chancellor, moved troops and armed police to the frontier. There were mysterious movements of Italian troops on Austria's southern border.

ADVENTURES OF DR. ROSENBERG.—The selection of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg (Hitler's chief adviser in Foreign Affairs) as special representative to England was not happy. He spoke no English and was not exactly a diplomat.

There were "incidents" during the visit. A wreath bearing the German Imperial colours and the Nazi swastika, which he placed on the Cenotaph, was seized by a prospective Socialist M.P., and thrown in the Thames. Anti-Nazi demonstrations happened outside Dr. Rosenberg's hotel, and a wax effigy of the would-be Iron Chancellor was disfigured at Madame Tussaud's. Socialists in the House demanded removal of this man who was literally an Envoy Extraordinary.

SWORD AND CROOKED CROSS.—Meanwhile, Germany stood at the Disarmament Conference in Geneva with sword in one hand and Nazi "crooked cross" in the other, defying efforts at general disarmament. Her representative raised one hostile objection after another to the British plan which Mr. MacDonald advanced last month and which Italy and many other nations supported. In the end her representative withdrew, and the sixteen months' old Conference looked like dying.

Lord Hailsham, speaking in the House of Lords, gave a plain warning that if Germany "walked out" of the Disarmament Conference she would be legally bound by the Versailles Treaty. "Any attempt on her part to rearm in contravention of the Treaty would bring into operation the sanctions for which the Treaty provides."

The British Secretary of State for War was "speaking as an individual," but it was generally believed that his Cabinet colleagues were with him, although Mr. Lloyd George described the speech as "monstrous."

WAR SCARES AND SABRE-RATTLING.—Baron von Neurath, Hitler's Foreign Minister, then circulated an article attacking the Disarmament Conference. "Whatever form is taken by the limitation and reduction of armaments within the framework of the English plan we shall be compelled by it to supplement our armaments."

France hailed Lord Hailsham's speech with approval, tinged with a "we-told-you-so" attitude.

The situation was already tense when Herr von Papen, Nationalist Vice-Chancellor of Germany, delivered the worst sabre-rattling speech since the war-spirit inflamed men's mentalities two decades ago.

The popular Press in London started a headline campaign of scare-mongering, while the French Premier, on the passage of an Armaments Vote, declared, "We are completing as quickly as possible the line of fortification which has been voted by Parliament. We are working at full speed in all the Government factories to equip our frontiers and make them an impassable rampart against which any attack will be bound to fail."

ROOSEVELT TAKES A HAND.—The world awaited a speech by Adolf Hitler, for which the Reichstag was to be convened in special session. Would he be soothing or inflaming?

A proclamation from President Roosevelt, addressed "To the Kings, Presidents, and Potentates" of fifty-four nations (including Russia), entered this atmosphere like manna from Heaven. It contained nothing new; but at that moment it had an inspired effect.

The proclamation had a salutary effect on Hitler, whose much-heralded declaration in the Reichstag next day was mainly pacific:

> No fresh European war is capable of putting something better in the place of the unsatisfactory conditions which exist to-day. . . . The outbreak of such a madness would lead to the collapse of the existing social order in Europe. . . .
>
> It is the sincere desire of the German nation to live in peace with all nations. . . .
>
> The Versailles Treaty is no solution of the world's problems. But nevertheless, no German Government will, of its own accord, break an arrangement without being able first to supplant it by a better one.

Passionately, however, Herr Hitler protested against the injustice of Versailles. He gibed at the League of Nations, "to which, as a permanently defamed people, it would be very difficult for us to continue to belong." He suggested a Five Year Plan to allow for German arms equality, through reduction by other nations.

Tension relaxed, and the speech was everywhere welcomed with relief.

MONEY MAZE.—Industrial and other shares again boomed on Wall Street following the abrogation of the gold clause, and London prices for commodities and international industrials moved quickly upward in sympathy. The dollar exchange fell further, and touched 4 for the first time since Britain left the gold standard in 1931.

Financial confidence in the U.S. was further affected by a Senate inquiry into operations by J. P. Morgan and Co., the world-famous private bankers. It was revealed in evidence by Mr. Morgan and his partners that the firm had given favourable share-accommodation, on a "selected list," to eminent men including ex-President Coolidge, Mr. Woodin (now Secretary to the Treasury), Mr. Norman Davis, Mr. Bernard Baruch (unofficial adviser to the President), Senator McAdoo, Mr. Owen D. Young (of "Young Plan" fame), and Colonel Lindbergh.

PACTS OR PRESENTS.—New trade agreements with Germany, the Argentine, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Iceland were announced and acrimoniously discussed.

Led by Sir Austen Chamberlain fifty Conservatives voted against the Government on the ratification of the German trade pact, while over 100 walked out rather than record an adverse vote. In exchange for reduced tariffs on German imports to this country, Germany was to assure an open market for British coal of "substantially greater volume than sanctioned by the quotas of 1931 and 1932." Critics pointed out that Germany, in a breach of the trade agreement of 1924, had reduced the British coal quota illegally. What we were getting now was what we were entitled to—without offering concessions.

Mr. Runciman's defence was that in a bargain one must make concessions, that it was as good a bargain as any one could obtain, and that if the House did not like his methods of bargaining, they must get some one else to do it.

A London daily called the Argentine trade pact "the worst bargain of all—a terrible pact." It was a case of frozen meat versus frozen credits.

Pacts with Sweden, Norway, and the rest closely followed the Danish and German models—reduction of tariffs on wood, whale oil, etc.; duty-free or strengthened quotas for eggs, bacon, butter, and fish; and in return, guaranteed percentages of the foreign markets for British coal and free entry for certain British goods.

A. B.

SCOTTISH CHURCH ASSEMBLY OPENS

Left, above—MR. JOHN BUCHAN, M.P., the Lord High Commissioner, leaving St. Giles' Cathedral after last week's service in connection with the opening of the Scottish Church Assembly. *Above*—Mr. Buchan inspecting a guard of honour at St. Giles' Cathedral

THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER'S LEVEE AT HOLY ROOD: The Justices in their picturesque robes leaving the Palace after the ceremony. The levee was followed by a procession to St. Giles' Cathedral

AFTER THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS: The Lord High Commissioner (fourth from left) and his suite leaving the Assembly Hall. Mr. Buchan, who delivered the King's Message to the Assembly, referred to the fact that he was the first High Commissioner to hold office who was a son of the manse

IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL: Where the Lord High Commissioner made his inaugural address. The following are extracts from Mr. Buchan's speech: "I am commanded by His Majesty the King, on the occasion of this meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to convey to you His Majesty's strong sense of your steady and firm zeal for his service and of his determination at all times to maintain Presbyterian Church government in Scotland. . . . It is your privilege, at a time when material standards have been largely discredited, to uphold those spiritual standards which cannot fail"

LEAVING HOLYROOD PALACE FOR ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL: The Lord High Commissioner and his wife driving in their open coach followed by a detachment of Lancers. Later in the day Mr. Buchan addressed 3,000 members of the Women's Guild at the Usher Hall

JAN ERIK HANUSSEN, the prophet of the Hitler regime, whose body was found riddled with revolver bullets in a wood near Berlin. There was no possibility of suicide

THE END OF THE GERMAN RASPUTIN

How Jan Erik Hanussen, Onetime Glass Eater and Circus Lion-Tamer, Helped to Lift Hitler to Supreme Control in Germany, only to Perish Mysteriously at the Hands of those whose Movement he had Fostered with his Wealth and Uncanny Gifts of Clairvoyancy

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Much is transpiring in Germany that no one knows—least of all the Germans. Recently in a Hamburg tram the conductor inquired in an aside if it were really true that a Nazi régime had been set up in England. Clearly when newspapers have ceased to function save as dictatorphones, leaders can insert into circulation any yarns they please. For long Germans will live in a doped earthly layer, hardly knowing what has happened in the next block let alone country. One of the prices that has to be paid for Fascist direction as so far evolved.

A second handy feature, for the leaders, is that of being able to suppress individuals, personalities, clean out of existence; not just execute them, but delete them from the record as had they never breathed. One can contrive the silence about them to be utter. This is what has happened in Germany with one or two characters who just the other day were right in the forefront, on every lip.

It took a long time—several years—before Rasputin was thoroughly pulled out of his sanguinary Neva hole for our delectation, and it may take as long ere we hear the full story of the last days of Berlin prior to the coming of the Third Reich and, more particularly, of one who has been called "the Nazi Rasputin."

Jan Erik Hanussen has been suppressed. Try and speak of him in Germany now and you will draw blank after blank. The man never lived! And yet, yes he did, because I attended one of his séances on the Kurfürstendamm last autumn. He had then attained nothing less than the rank of Prophet of the Third Reich, and it will be idle to pretend that he was just a fake allowed to carry on because he didn't matter one way or the other. There were 11,000,000 Nazis in those days and he could easily have then been suppressed. He wasn't, because he was still of use to the movement, and a stager of orgies in which some were guests who would hate to have it known to-day in purified air, where even rouged lips are unclean.

Hanussen rose to an eminence in the final erotic years of Berlin which may not have equalled the thraldom exerted by the alarming monk but probably comes next to it for incredibleness and human gullibility. Rasputin was uncanny, a giant, a starer through and through women. He was a fraud, even as Hanussen; yet the monk, for sheer mysterious force, wins. Even as he doubtless exercised greater political influence through his Imperial Court connection than did Hanussen as the honoured seer of Hitler, as one to whom a multitude listened, and were convinced, as he foretold the advent of the Chancellor in a blaze of glory.

Hanussen, whose real name was Herman Steinschneider (he was a Jew), was an Austrian and aged forty-four when his end came—same land and age as his professed hero. He used to eat glass in his youth at a circus, then was with a lion-tamer, and at the outbreak of war joined up with the 4th Corps in Bosnia. He migrated gradually back to the rear until he was employed in reasserting the morale of the troops through patriotic hypnotic séances. In mad inflationist Vienna after armistice, he took on Breitbart, "the strongest man in the world," through the agency of a frail, hypnotized girl who could lift better. But it was found that Hanussen's weights were faked and he had to pack up and go. He went next door to Czechoslovakia, where he eventually was arrested for wholesale fraud on the strength of alleged telepathy and hypnotism. This was in 1929, and Hanussen managed to get four savants or criminologists appointed. In court, surrounded by police, he had to say where a certain object had been hidden, say whose handwriting was on a slip of paper, give practical proof of his telepathic powers, and, after examining an object, say to whom it belonged. The savants were two against two and the tribunal gave Hanussen the benefit, and off he went to Berlin with his legalized "diploma."

Berlin was quite abnormal then over every form of magic and occultism. Charlatans abounded, so much so that the genuine astrologers, assembled at Erfurt, sought to have the masqueraders removed. But Berlin was much too feverish. There was something quite evil in the air as well as pathetic.

Into this fevered and unbalanced hysteria Hanussen crashed with a better reference than them all. The ugly, stooping, uncultured creature decided that this crazed, licentious world was his clay provided he submitted it to his will. And this could be done, with Berliners, by shouting at them sufficiently. With a flare for publicity and a keen business sense, the ex-glass chewer launched out in the grandest style and soon had captured the entire clientèle worth having. He literally went in for mass production of the occult sciences—and it all was swallowed. Hanussen became a social lion and soon had his string of racehorses, his yacht, several Mercédès cars, a country house, in addition to the vast offices on Kurfürstendamm, where I watched him at a fee. He would deign to go on tour briefly to Baltic lands. One day he had the idea of extending his crazy business by turning newspaper magnate. He came to own or part own five publications, including one with a circulation of 200,000 copies. And it is at this stage, three years ago, that we connect with Hitlerism. Those papers served Hitler well, however much or little he was conscious of being linked with them. From first to last they boosted Hitler as the supernaturally appointed saviour of Germany. It might be said that the main pages of one or two of the Hanussen papers existed for no other end. The heavens and occultism were summoned in their every manifestation to bear witness to the inevitable coming of Hitler. This magical designation was plugged interminably—the while opponents were shown to be all wrong through parallel magical or celestial manifestations—and it all fitted in well with the mystical bent that Hitler had himself given to his movement from the first.

Did Hitler know his prophet was a Jew? Heaven knows! He certainly must have known that Hanussen's practices were giving rise to increasing scandal, for the newspapers of the Left were full of it. Yet as the charges mounted, and grew Rasputin-like, Hanussen sought ever closer connection with the Nazi movement, one of whose sections he is reputed to have financed via a blond Nordic, Count Helldorf, whom he took into his concern.

GERMANY'S MURDERED PROPHET: The famous clairvoyant with Togo, his wonder dog

Helldorf would conduct individual clients into the Oriental splendour of his chief and seat them on a glass stool facing the throne. The visitor's name and date of birth would be written down and handed to Hanussen who would rise, give the Swastika salute, and move gorgeously to a crystal table on which were inscribed the signs of the Zodiac. Following which, the client would be informed of what lay ahead for her or him. This was just an ordinary five-minute séance; things could be much more complicated. One of Hanussen's pleasant tricks would be to tell expensive clients, especially if they were Jews, that unless they gave liberally to the first blond young Nazi they saw, they were destined to a swift and tragic exit. The young blond would be handy near the precincts, and so Storm Section funds would grow. It so happened that some of Hanussen's best clients in this incredible Berlin world were financiers come to know if the Zodiac said they should play this stock or that one.

The story mounts into an apotheosis, in the way of a reception in celebration of the advent of Hitler, and then it falls rapidly away.

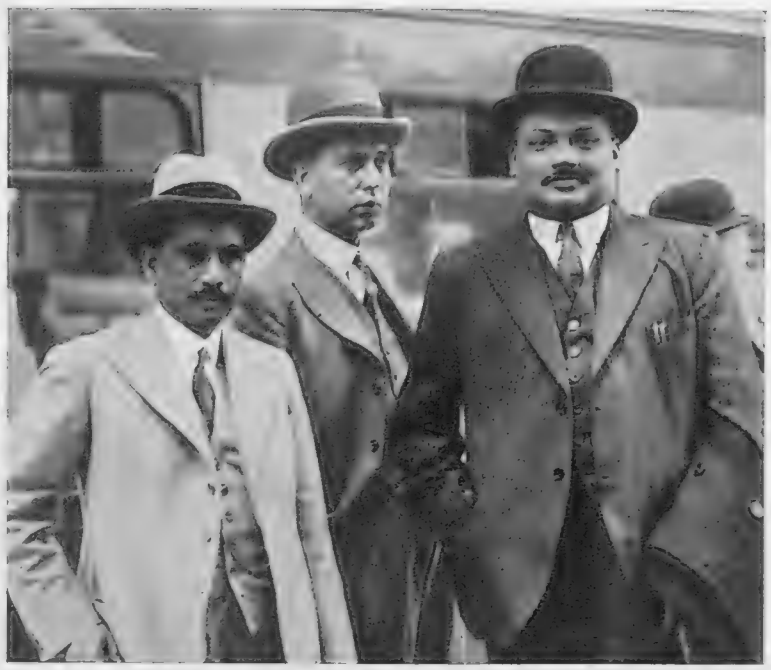
For his first ride he was taken almost from the door of the Scala Theatre where he was appearing. Some days later he was found disfigured and he went to a home. He was taken for a second ride from there—it was in Count Helldorf's area; he is now Police Chief of Potsdam—and this time Hanussen was found in a wood shot five times and his face rubbed into the soil. He is not known ever to have looked accurately over the Zodiac signs for his own fate.

HANUSSEN AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POPULARITY: The Jewish clairvoyant demonstrating his powers of discovering hidden objects at a chemist's shop in the Potsdamerplatz, Berlin

NEWS from the EAST and NEAR EAST

and Some Prominent Visitors to London

EGYPT'S ROYAL LEADER OF THE SCOUT MOVEMENT: H.R.H. Prince Farouk, heir-apparent to the Egyptian throne, has just been appointed Chief Scout for Egypt. He is seen in this picture with H.E. Zaki El Ibrachi Pacha, President of the National Association of Egyptian Scouts



THE RAJAH OF KHALLIKOTE IN LONDON: The Rajah, who is seen here after his arrival at Victoria Station, is a prominent landowner in the Madras Presidency and for some time past has sat as a member of the Justice Party on the Legislative Council. Although only thirty-three years of age he was a delegate to the third Round Table Conference

HOLIDAYING IN ENGLAND: Prince Vipulya Svastivonges, former Siamese Minister in Berlin, is undergoing a rest cure while visiting friends in Yorkshire. He is shortly to return to the East

A SIAMESE TRADE ENVOY: Phra Bides Bochanavisuddhi who is now travelling in Europe on behalf of Siam with a view to increasing trade between that country and the West

RECENTLY ELECTED SYRIAN PATRIARCH TO THE APOSTOLIC THRONE OF ANTIOCH: A new portrait of Mar Ignatius Aphram I whose election by the Synod of Bishops was the event of the year in the Syrian Apostolic Church. The ceremony in connection with the appointment is in many ways similar to the election of a new Pope in the Roman Catholic Church and is marked throughout by impressive ceremonial. The new Patriarch was consecrated Archbishop of Homs in 1918

AN INDIAN GREETING: A young Indian in London waiting to greet the Begum of Khaipur on her arrival from abroad at Victoria Station

SIR ALLADI KRISHNASWAMI AYYAR, Advocate-General in Madras, who is now in London on business in connection with the Select Committee

THREATENED ADELPHI TERRACE: A picturesque façade in the famous terrace showing portions of the original Adam decoration

A BEAUTIFUL DOORWAY IN THE ADELPHI which the estate wish to convert into the white austerity of the new riverside architecture. The Estate Bill, in which the owners of the property are seeking to repeal the statutory restrictions on the use of the land, has been under consideration by a Select Committee of the House of Lords. Opposition came from the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, the London Society, and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The discussions concluded with the committee deciding to allow the Bill to proceed subject to the insertion of a proviso that no building on the Adelphi site should exceed in height that of the present Savoy Hotel

FACE of LONDON

And the Constant Menace to the Historic and Beautiful—The Movement of Big Business Towards the West

By J. BAKER WHITE

Some twenty years ago a small boy in a sailor suit used to be taken every Christmas time to a large house in Grosvenor Gardens to have tea in an enormous drawing-room with a very old lady and be presented with a very beautiful present. And so the house in Grosvenor Gardens became a definite landmark in the small boy's memory, even more perhaps than the old lady. Last week I passed the house on an omnibus—how the old lady hated them—to find it converted into offices. And so for me the memory and landmark of twenty years was shattered in a second. But after all, I have in my office an etching of some old houses on Millbank. The date on the etching is 1929. To-day these old houses and their beautiful doorways are dust and the great pile of Thames House stands in their place. The face of London is changing very quickly these days, for Big Business has come West.

In the last fifteen years London has undergone an architectural revolution which has resulted in the wholesale transfer of offices from the City to the shopping and residential districts of western London. It is still going on, for every week sees mansions converted into offices, and others disappearing in clouds of dust and contractors' lorries to become shops and more offices. Walk down the Mall and on the right is the white tower of the new Underground offices. On the left, towering above the face of Carlton House Terrace, is the red-painted steel skeleton of new offices. One wonders what King Edward would have to say if he drove down the Mall to-day, for his description of Queen Anne's Mansions is not forgotten. And what would he have to say when he found that Devonshire House was motor showrooms and offices, that there is a project to build a huge hotel in Berkeley Square as soon as business improves, and that on part of the site of Lansdowne House there now stands a petrol station?

There is a question and a paradox in this business revolution. One does not have to look very far to realize that there is a glut of office accommodation in London to-day. There are plenty of offices to let in the City; there are even more to let in the West. There are in fact thousands more offices than there are tenants, yet every week sees more office buildings open for occupation, more houses pulled down, foundations for more shops and offices laid, and still the westward trend goes on. Why?

Several factors go to provide the answer. One is the change in the nature of London's commerce. Before the War most of the business involved in the exchange of merchandise between the producer, the middleman, and the retailer was done by bills of lading. It was done by agents, who only required small offices and small staffs, and it was convenient to them to be close to the banks, the insurance companies, the Stock Exchange, and the docks. So they naturally chose the City. To-day things are very different. As a famous firm of estate agents put it to me the other day, "Merchants must have room to show their stuff," and modern business conditions necessitate larger clerical staffs. Expansion became the order of the day, but there was not room for expansion in the City. Large offices and showrooms were not available, so first one firm and then another looked, and moved, westwards. It is true that there were large blocks of offices round the Bank that could have provided the necessary accommodation, but they were taken up and rebuilt by insurance companies and banks. Stand outside the Mansion House to-day and you will see all round you the centralized headquarters of banking and insurance. For while there has been a decentralization of commerce, there has been a centralization of finance.

The building of big shops in Oxford Street and Regent Street also served to increase the westward movement of merchant houses. For example, before the War the wholesale side of the London textile trade in the houses dealing in women's clothes, fabrics, silks, and velvets was centred round St. Paul's Churchyard. Now it is centred round Regent Street. Just before Christmas a shop in this street wanted to show me a "new line for 1933." We went to the wholesale house manufacturing it, involving a walk of something under 150 yards! The turnover of goods is so rapid in many shops to-day, and fashion changes so quickly, that the middleman or producer's representative must be as close as possible to the retailer. There is no doubt that the rebuilding of Regent Street was one of the main reasons for the westward trend of business reaching such dimensions.

Another factor was the change of policy of the three big estates of West London. The Howard de Walden, the Grosvenor, and the Westminster estates constituted until a few years ago buffers against trade and office development in West London. They were essentially residential areas, of large mansions and smaller but expensive town houses known generally as Belgravia and Mayfair. Business licences were granted sparingly on these estates, and so the City remained the centre of trade. But the war and taxation spelled the doom of the big town houses, and the landlords of those estates were perforce compelled to let commerce in and the conversion and destruction of mansions for offices began. Grosvenor Gardens is a case in point, Buckingham Gate another. A well-known hotel in Buckingham Palace Road became a soldiers' hostel in the War and offices after, while another hotel in Victoria Street went through the same process.

The Marble Arch and Park Lane district altered in character—a mineral water firm started it when they took offices opposite Tyburn Tree—and Millbank has completely changed its face with the reconstruction of Lambeth Bridge. The process was well described to me by a firm of estate agents with a very extensive business in these particular estates. "A few years ago a number of large private houses became available in the West End owing to the change in economic conditions, and as these were no longer required for their original purpose they were adapted for commercial

(Continued on p. 386)

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW
and THE BATH and WEST

THE QUEEN AT CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: Her Majesty admiring a rock garden at the Royal Horticultural Society's Show during a private visit to the grounds before the opening. *Right*—The Church of St. Andrew, Wells Street, is now being demolished, but portions of its stone and woodwork are to be built into the new church at Neasden-cum-Kingsbury in Greater London. Workmen are seen engaged in preparing a portion of the stonework for transference

A BIG CATCH AT DEAL: Two well-known South Coast anglers, Councillor H. C. Stacey and Mr. Harris-Mayes, with the six tope they caught recently at Deal. The heaviest of these shark-like fish weighed 43 lbs. and the lightest 28 lbs.

OVER THE WATER

Miss A. Collier on White Rose clearing the water in fine style at the Bath and West Show at Wimbledon

AT THE BATH AND WEST

A REPLICA OF THE "VICTORY"

THE MODEL OF H.M.S. "VICTORY," a perfect replica in miniature of Nelson's famous flagship, seen on the stocks at Portsmouth before the launching ceremony. She is now being fitted out in readiness for Navy Week

THE GIPSIES AT EPSOM

THE FIELD KITCHEN: All through last week the gipsies were making their annual trek to Epsom Downs in readiness for Derby Day, and many were camped out on the famous site several days before racing was due to begin. The evening meal is seen in preparation in a typical gipsy camp

ON ISOLATED EXMOOR

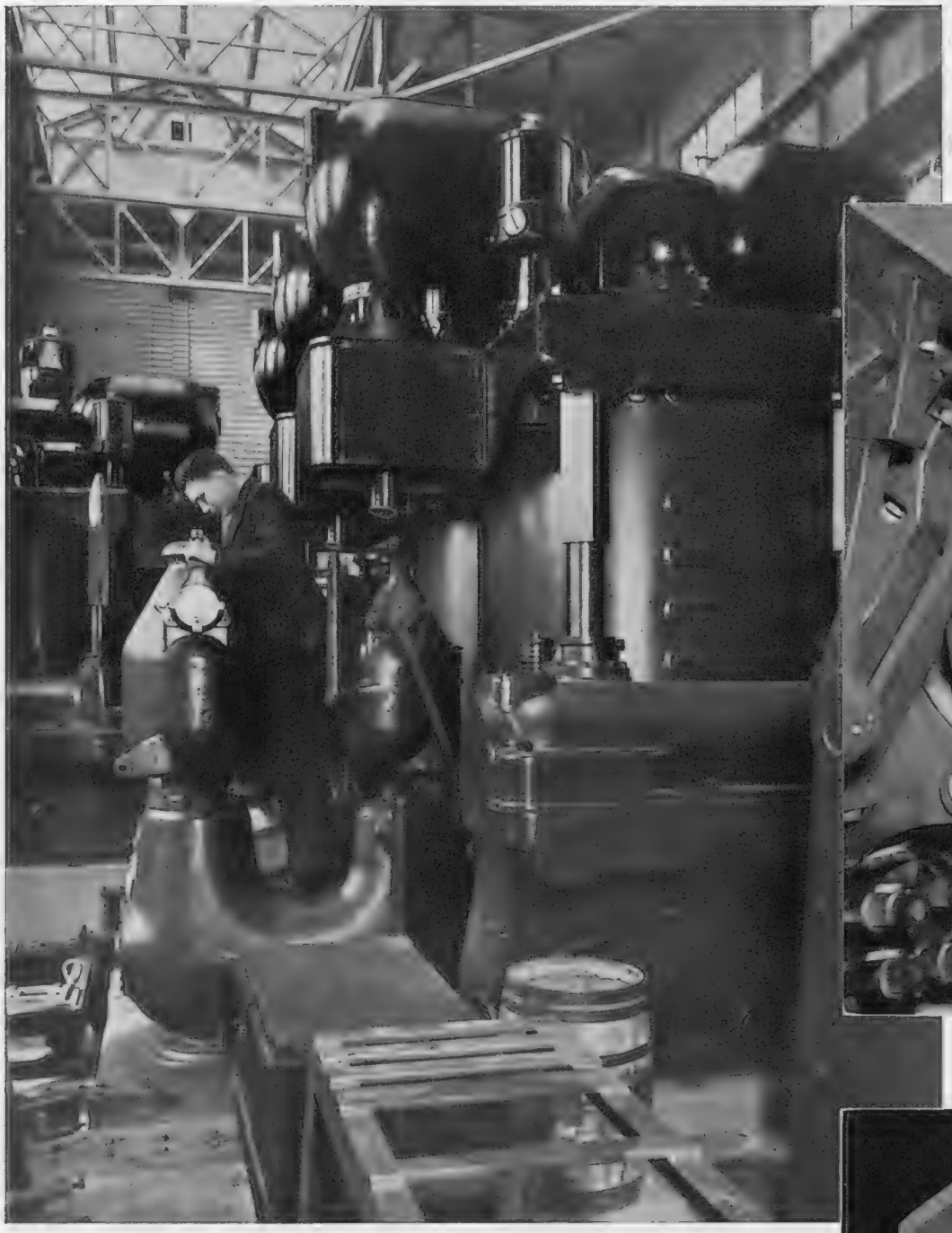
ESSENTIAL SERVICES MEET: Miss Thorne, the parish nurse at Oare, on the pony with which Somerset County Nursing Association supplied her for making her visits to isolated Exmoor farms. She is seen chatting with Mary Hooper, Exmoor's postwoman, who covers tremendous distances on foot every year in the course of her arduous round. Many of Exmoor's farmsteads are still as cut off as they were a century ago

LAUNCHING A NEW YACHT

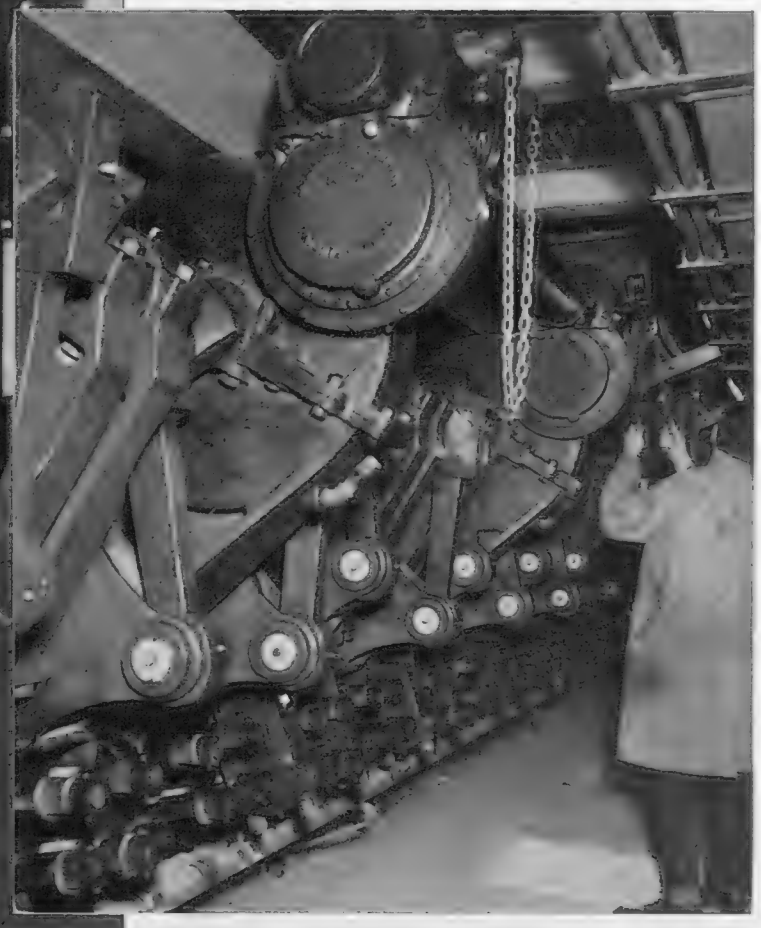
MAJOR COLIN COOPER'S yacht, *Varis*, after the launching and naming ceremony which took place last week at Messrs. Thornycroft's yard at Hampton on Thames. She is 90 ft. in length, with a 15 ft. beam, and is the largest of her type to be built above the Thames locks

POWER

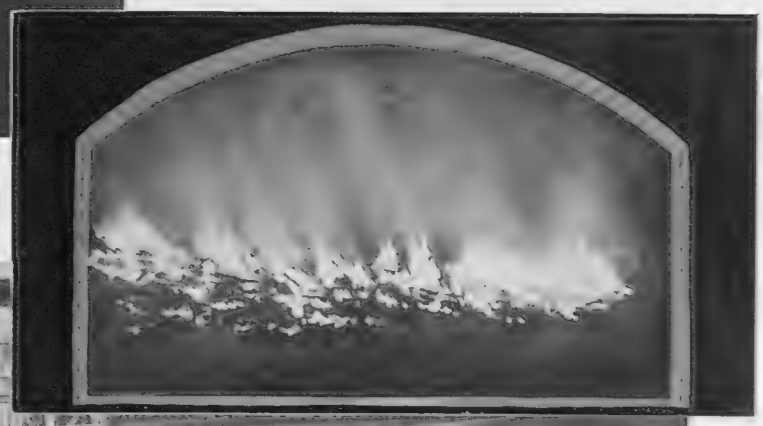
Battersea's Electricity Station from Within

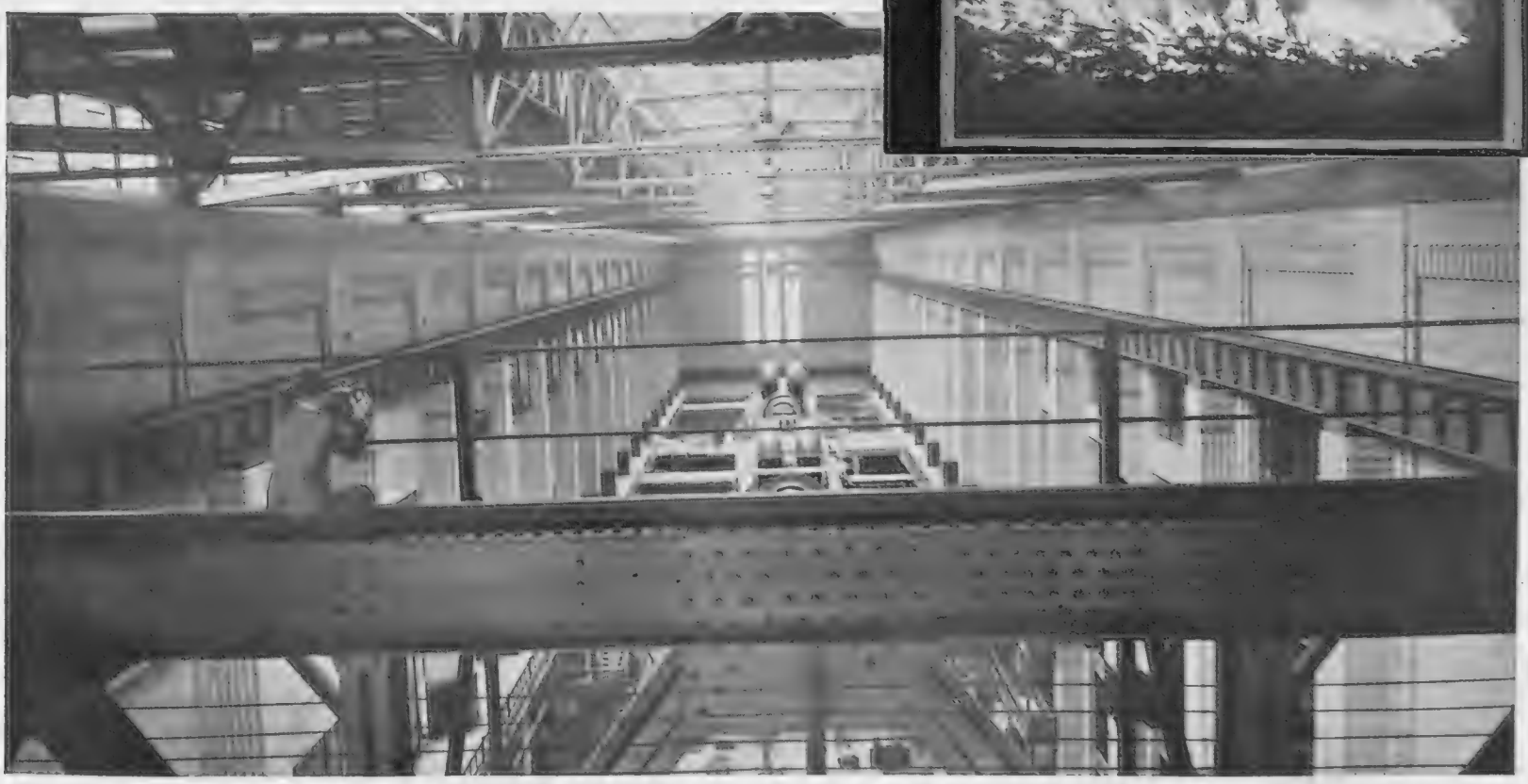


AN OIL SWITCH for controlling the 66,000-volt transformers and generators. Owing to the enormous volume of the current to be dealt with at Battersea it was necessary to design an oil-immersed switchgear of an entirely new type



IN THE BOILER HOUSE: One of the giant stoking arms in the new Battersea Power Station employed for feeding fuel into the boiler furnaces. *Below*—The preparatory warming-up of one of the vast boiler units





VIEWED FROM THE CROW'S NEST: A general impression of the main hall of the Turbine House. The travelling cranes seen at the top of the picture are used for handling the generators and the putting in place of new equipment

Battersea Power Station has now been under construction for nearly five years. This giant undertaking, symbolic in its very immensity of the power of electricity in the modern world, is one of the vital links in the South-east of England electricity scheme. The main structure is of brickwork supported by steel framing, and in the first part alone it is estimated that 15,000 tons of steel and some 9,000,000 bricks have been used already. Everything, in fact, in connection with the building of this station has been done on an almost unprecedented scale. Yet in spite of this due regard has been paid to the artistic, and few would say that this giant structure was other than a decorative asset to the neighbourhood in which it stands. It has the qualities of straightforward simplicity and towering grandeur combined with almost Babylonian immensity.

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BATTERSEA'S CATHEDRAL OF ELECTRICITY

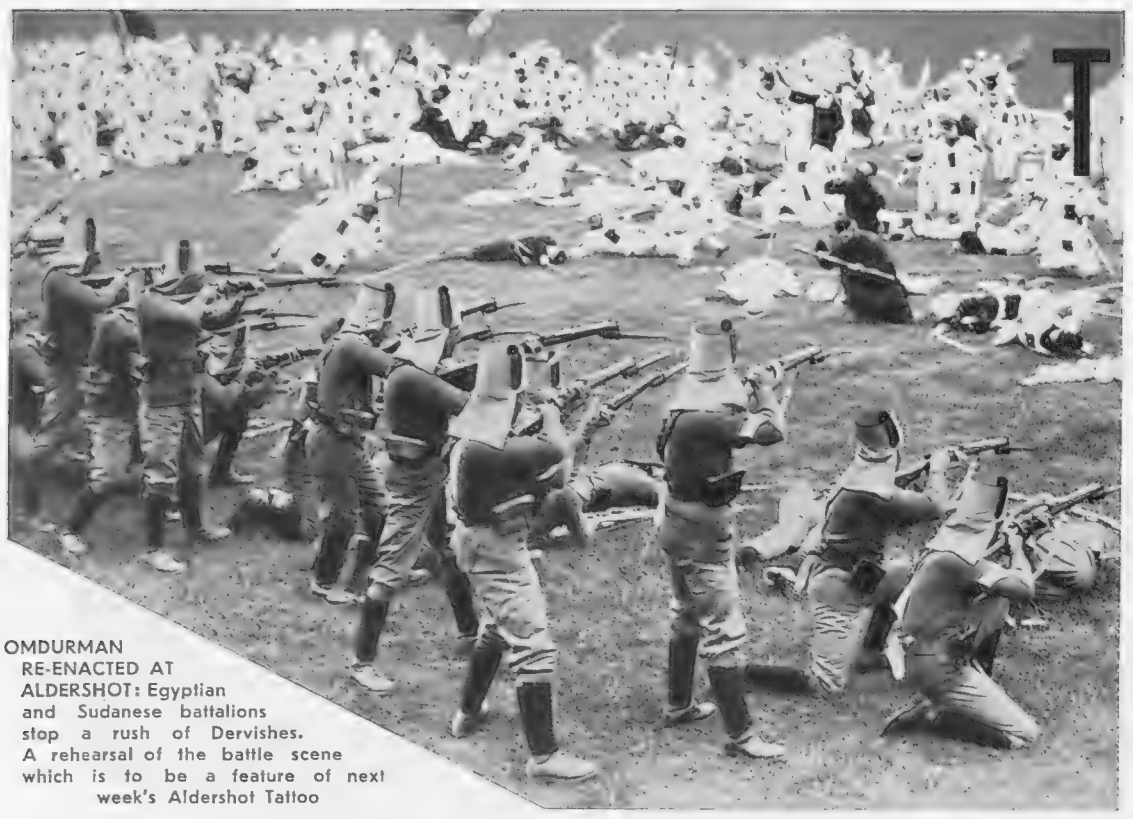
E MAIN CONTROL ROOM AT BATTERSEA POWER STATION: The work of controlling the output of Battersea's giant generators is carried out from this main control board. Operators have in front of them the layout of the 66,000-volt switchgear, and are able to judge from their indicating instruments the exact conditions under which the generators are working and of the volume of current they are generating. Above, in a main frieze linking up these panels, are glowing channels of colour indicating the flow of current from each generator and the amount being distributed to the outside world

E FIRST PORTION OF THE BATTERSEA POWER STATION, that giant monument to British electrical development, is now almost complete, and in only a few months its generators will be supplying an enormous area of Southern England with power. We therefore take the opportunity of illustrating this week interior views of the station as it is to-day, a special "Sphere" photographer having visited Battersea for the purpose. On the left is an exterior view of the structure which, cathedral-like in its sheer mass, towers above the Thames near Chelsea Bridge. The height of the chimney stack above the main building is over 360 ft.

(*Specially photographed for "The Sphere" by William Davis*)

THE TURBINE HALL: A view from the ground showing one of the giant turbines and the bold architectural style in which the hall has been planned and built

Left, above—Looking through one of the windows in the main control room on to the two mammoth generators which are at present installed and which are now undergoing their preliminary trials. From this room it is, therefore, possible for the electricians in charge not only to control output but to see that all is running smoothly in the station below. On page 371 further pictures of the interior of the station appear, showing the boiler-rooms from which the motive force for the generators is supplied



OMDURMAN RE-ENACTED AT ALDERSHOT: Egyptian and Sudanese battalions stop a rush of Dervishes. A rehearsal of the battle scene which is to be a feature of next week's Aldershot Tattoo

TATTOO

Behind the Scenes at Rushmoor where a Major and a Captain are Completing the Preparations for Aldershot's Spectacular Military Pageant

By CHARLES GRAVES

The huge green bowl of Rushmoor arena swarming with yelling dervishes, the searchlights lighting up the tragic scene of General Gordon of Khartum lying stabbed on the stone steps of Khartum Fort, mailed knights, billmen, archers emerging to a fanfare of trumpets from a castle—all watched by a crowd of 80,000 people seated under the starlight, miles from home, but confident that the organization which made their arrival so smooth will enable them to depart with as few hitches and as little delay.

Such is the Aldershot Tattoo which starts next week, and anyone who has ever visited it in previous years will agree that for sheer organization and pageantry it has the most ambitious efforts of the Tsars of Hollywood completely overshadowed. If I were the president of any of the big American film corporations, I would make it a *sine quâ non* that every man-jack of my directors should pay a visit to the Aldershot Tattoo to see how vast crowds can be handled with such velvet smoothness in an hour or two, and how thousands of extras can be rehearsed to such perfection in less than a fortnight.

A Major and a Captain, both of whose names I promised not to divulge, are solely responsible for the gigantic and unparalleled task. Under them, it is true, there is a platoon of assistants. But these two are really the "works." If their names were ever printed I imagine that they might easily receive offers from Los Angeles as directors of mammoth productions. But, "No names, no pack drill." "It is all team work," said Major ——," and I must ask you to promise not to give my name or that of Captain ——." In return for that he gave me some remarkable figures. Since the first Aldershot Tattoo, which was the original idea of the late Lord Rawlinson and was held on Cove Common in 1920, more than 2,250,000 people have seen the Aldershot Tattoo, and over 300,000 vehicles have been parked while their owners saw the show. Every year the attendance and the receipts have shot up by thousands. If the early bookings of May do not lie, something in the neighbourhood of £500,000 will be the total of the gross receipts from 1920 to the end of this year's performance, all for the benefit of military charities and hospitals. To show how the attendance has grown, I may say that last year 403,000 people saw the Tattoo, arriving in 54,000 vehicles. In 1922 there were 1,196 vehicles bringing 22,000 people.

In order to make Rushmoor arena the perfect setting that it now is, something between a quarter and half-a-million tons of earth have had to be shifted. Ten years ago the arena was a bog with a stream running through it! There are fifteen men working on the arena all the year round, and for the few weeks before the Tattoo they increase to about 100. Needless to say, the organization takes at least ten months to ensure the perfection of production. In August a committee of three people discuss the programme for the following year. When they have decided on the main outline, they send it to the War Office for approval. This is usually given within a few days. The item commanders are then informed, and from the bare skeleton the programme is built up during the next few months, and copies of it are sent out to places as far away as New Zealand and Japan.

In the production 5,000 troops are used, and they wear 18,000 uniforms. This year only four of them are dressing up as women. The Tattoo in no way interferes with the men's training, I was assured. In any case, they hold their first rehearsal only a fortnight before the first performance. If you happen to be in the neighbourhood of Aldershot at the moment, do not be surprised if you see wild-looking dervishes bounding happily over hedges armed with spears. The men thoroughly enjoy the Tattoo, as well as rehearsing for it. Young soldiers, after the first few days of individual training when they join the Army, can still feel interested in themselves during platoon and company training; but when it comes to battalion, brigade, and divisional training, they feel themselves mere cogs in a huge machine, and life is inclined to become a little mechanical. In consequence, this business of dressing up comes as an excellent break from routine. Some of them, of course, are a little coy. You will see a lugubrious-looking corporal with a blue beard, who tells you that he is representing Captain Miserable, or a big buck private in satin breeches, who confides rather shamefacedly that he is supposed to be a little boy. The few men who dress up as women also have their legs pulled; but it is all part of the day's job.

Above all, I would like you to see Captain —— taking a yelling parade of thirty men from the Welch Regiment. They are the noise squad, and Captain —— is making them squall their heads off, shouting "Up, up, up! Gordon is dying," as he raises his baton; and then, "Lower now," as he drops his baton and tells them to make guttural noises of delight, Gordon being dead.

Yes, the men certainly enjoy dressing up, and they also manage to get a little feeling into their performances sometimes. Last year, when the Battle of Inkerman was staged, the men were served out with rubber bayonets. This was wise, as there had to be a certain amount of hand-to-hand "fighting." It turned out, incidentally, that the men of one regiment, who were dressed up as English soldiers, had secretly determined to capture the flag of another regiment who had dressed up as Russians. The latter knew about this, and keen-eyed spectators would have noticed that there were always at least 100 men round it.

This year the *pièce de résistance* is General Gordon and the Nile Campaign, being a centenary tribute to General Gordon's self-sacrifice in the Sudan, and expressing the 1933 duty *motif* of "loyalty." Phase I opens in the upper reaches of the Nile, where Gordon played a lone hand to bring freedom to the wretched Sudanese slaves, and depicts his murder at the Residency in Khartum. Phase II brings to the forefront all the fire and fury of the great desert battle of Omdurman and the heroic charge of the 21st Lancers. In the final scene the British troops enter and occupy the fateful city of Khartum. The solemn ceremony of Gordon's memorial service and the raising of the British and Khedival flags over the ruins of the Residency symbolize the dawn of a happier day for the natives.

The dervishes amount to about 1,000 men and are drawn from the Royal Engineers, the First Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment, the First Welch Regiment, the Second Gordons, the Army Service Corps, and the R.A.M.C. Their yells and shouts, which they have been practising for some days now, will be amplified by a number of gramophone records which have been specially made for the occasion, so you may be sure that the hullaballoo will be tremendous. This gramophone recording is all part and parcel of the scenes behind the scenes.

The Egyptian and Sudanese troops will be supplied by the Second Camerons, who will also represent themselves in the uniform of the day. The Third Carabiniers, the Fifth Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and the Seventh Hussars will furnish the Knights Templars, the Knights of St. John, men-at-arms, and lovely ladies in the pageant of ancient chivalry. Perhaps, however, the public will find that the final phases of modern war are the most dramatic. The object of this item is to show the progress made in the soldiers' arms and equipment from the time of the mail-clad knights down to the present day. The representation of a modern battle with infantry, tanks, guns, aeroplanes is expected to give a startling impression of what a war in the future will probably be like. Anything from machine guns to tractor-drawn 60-pounders and howitzers will combine in creating a shattering din in the mechanized battle that will rage in the centre of the arena.

So much for the pageant, but do not let us forget the organization behind it all. About 1,500 people are employed on administration duties during the actual week of the Tattoo. There are 200 military policemen, 80 civil policemen, and 450 boy scouts to conduct people to their seats. The telephone system in connection with the road traffic is a prodigious affair. It covers every part of the arena. The surrounding country, too, is linked up by telephone through four different exchanges. These connect with 150 points varying in distance from twenty-five miles north, south, east, and west to a few yards. Seventeen roads, of which fourteen have been made specially for the Tattoo, debouch on to the neighbourhood of the arena. At every cross road, and at various points along each road, officials are stationed with special telephone arrangements beside them. They are thus able to telephone up at once to headquarters for instructions if there is a breakdown, so that they can know how to divert the traffic. They also estimate the amount of traffic that is passing at the time, so that headquarters can know how many people will be expected to arrive in how many minutes by particular roads. It is all extremely intricate.

Here are one or two other glimpses behind the scenes. Old Bill will be played by Sergeant Nolan, of the 1st Battalion of the South Staffs. A sergeant will also play the part of Henry V. Jorrocks will be an officer in the Royal Army Service Corps. General Gordon will be represented by an officer in the Royal Engineers, and a trooper will be Mrs. Barnington.

The casual visitor would never think of the hundreds of details necessary to make the whole show a success. Take, for example, the orders for the officer in charge of the fire picquet. There are twelve posts for fire orders, and sixty N.C.O.s and men in charge of them. Take the special orders for the Royal visit, which will be paid on June 10. Here there are the details about the motor cyclists in front and behind the Royal car, the firing of the Very light, the holding up of all traffic posts, the point where the empty cars proceed while Royalty is watching the performance, the route by which the car will arrive and depart, and the Royal picquet consisting of two officers, eight N.C.O.s, and 200 other ranks. On top of all that you will have the handling of the forty buffets and the two huge marquees which will hold 1,000 people, and will have a special dancing floor after the completion of the pageant.

The mechanical aid section in the form of breakdown lorries and first-aid equipment; the vehicles for hauling buses or cars which have broken down in awkward places; the performers' car badges; the handling of the lost property—and people certainly do lose some very strange property at the Tattoo—the safe custody of the cash; and the duties of the head gatekeeper are enough to make your hair curl when you realize how each of them has to fit into the general scheme of things.

In any other country in the world it would probably take an assorted handful of Field-marshals and the whole of the General Staff to organize the Tattoo successfully. And yet at Aldershot the whole show is run, as I say, by a Captain and a Major. For everybody's sake let us hope it keeps fine for them.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AND THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO

BATHED IN BLUE LIGHT: The castle keep will form an outstanding item among the illuminated structures at the Aldershot Tattoo. The blue mercury vapour light playing over it is a new invention and will be used for the first time in public in this country

AND QUEEN AT LAST WEEK'S OPENING OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA: Among those in the Royal box with Their Majesties were:— Desborough, Colonel R. H. Seymour, Lord Dunmore, Major A. H. Hardinge, Sir Derek Keppel, and Admiral Sir Henry Buller. The performances this year mark the Royal Tournament's Jubilee

THE ROYAL SCOTS RETRACE THEIR STIRRING HISTORY: The pikemen entering the arena for the concluding scene of the Royal Tournament at Olympia. This year is the tercentenary of the Royal Scots which has the proud distinction of being the oldest regiment in the British Army. It was organized in 1633 by Sir John Hepburn, and among its curious nicknames is that of "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard"

REHEARSING FOR THE R.A.F. PAGEANT AT HENDON: No. 23 Fighting Squadron rehearsing at Biggin Hill last week for the coming annual pageant. The squadron consists of Hawker Rolls-Royce Demon two-seater fighters and is to give a special display of Squadron air drill. The pageant takes place on June 24

A MONO-WHEELED MONOPLANE: This new type of Farman machine has recently been tested in France where its revolutionary design has been found successful in reducing air and ground resistance to a new minimum. The balance of the 'plane when landing is maintained by two trailing skids on the underside of the wings

A ROYAL EXAMPLE: On May 23 the Prince of Wales paid his first visit for twelve years to the Scilly Islands, the remotest corner of his Duchy. He made the crossing from the Cornish coast in an R.A.F. flying boat which is seen in this picture landing in the harbour at St. Mary's with the three escorting machines

FLY THERE

And Other Flying

By GRANVILLE

On Maundy Thursday I left London for the country by rail. At the terminus surging crowds of people besieged every platform barrier, obscured every arrival and departure board, and stretched like huge tails from every booking hole. Having got my ticket and pursued a running fight even to the very engine tender, there wasn't a seat to be found on my train. Did I say *seat?* I mean rather a standing space. How I longed for the easy and ordered travel of a passenger airplane, and how I envied those whose holiday haunt lay upon a regular air route!

Always at holiday time more than at any other, the grime and worry and fuss associated with ordinary methods of travel give an ache to the fastidious soul, and always at that time does the tattered remnant complex make itself felt after shaking off momentarily the madding crowd at the point of debarkation. Contrast with these aches and pains and the gloom and dirt and noise of railway stations the simplicity and brightness as of a new pin of the great airport of Croydon, and the romance of travelling in a great liner humming its swift way over the velvety air. Gone is the "devil take the hindmost" mêlée at customs and passport offices, and the commotion of getting on and off the cross-Channel boats. Instead your own particular seat is booked throughout the journey; you arrive in the special bus of the company to stroll leisurely through the least amount of formalities with no rushing or pushing, losing your luggage to some smoothly efficient official to be relieved of anxiety about it, and to find it again when you finally climb into the huge, purring, high-winged monster that crouches like some enormous and beautiful silver bird ready for its assault upon the air.

Silver Wing you see is the name of the machine about to carry you to Paris in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, where you will catch what other Continental connection you want. If you are new to the journey by air you wonder at the immense balloon-shod wheels and the height of the new monarch of the air before following your more sophisticated fellow-passengers into the luxurious Pullman interior, with its inlaid wood panelling and comfortable armchairs. Off you go, and in ten minutes or so smoky London is far behind you, and you are high up over the fields and orchards of Kent. Follow the undulating downland of Sussex and the ceaselessly unfolding panorama of coast line and Channel waters with the French coast already imminent upon the heels of transient time. "How changed the vision" indeed as you thus change places with London and Paris.

Two and a half hours it has taken you by the luxury method of travel, and at roughly 4d. a mile. Dearer? Yes. But isn't it worth it? It means the painless extraction of that otherwise prolongedly troublesome tooth of seasickness.

More than merely offering this sort of painless dentistry of travel to the *de luxe* globe trotter, the ceaseless stream of giant liners from the great airport holds out entrancing visions of the perfect holiday, be it only a short week-end or the fortnight's "rest cure." To reach one's destination—whether in the farthermost smart resorts of Europe or nearer home on the French and Mediterranean coasts—after at most only a few hours' travel, is an aspect of the case which has not escaped the vigilance of the cosmopolitan "high-lifer," ready at all times to lay a prehensile but discerning hand upon the *facile princeps* in luxury. To get there, and get there quickly without spending half the time coming and going!

Which brings us to the record rush of visitors to Le Touquet at Easter. Imperial Airways run a special week-end service at Easter, Whitsun, and during the season to this luxury resort *par excellence*. Leaving Victoria at 2.45 p.m. on a Friday, in two and a half hours you are in the Hôtel Bristol at Le Touquet, conveyed thither by car from Bercq aerodrome. You arrive at Victoria again at 9.45 on Sunday evening, just in time for the Café Anglais. All for £6 return (which by the way extends over fifteen days), with a couple of good meals thrown in. If you are heavily booked and have only a Sunday free you can spend £3 15s. on a day trip, leaving at ten in the morning, and have a round of the best golf to be found anywhere, a chat at the bar after your bath, and dinner on the way home. Whether you like to carry tails as well as golf clubs, and so arrive back all dressed and not a minute late for that party, is your own concern. Imperial Airways does the rest.

That that "rest" is thoroughly appreciated was proved by the state of affairs at Easter when every available machine was requisitioned for this particular service; and already the bookings promise to be just as heavy or heavier for Whitsun. Never was a sideline more profitable, for traffic was well over 50 per cent. greater than last year's very considerable figure, again constituting a record. French hôteliers no doubt congratulate themselves and the company on the success of so essentially co-operative an enterprise, that serves as well to increase itself as to hasten others to the gay throng only too ready to part with their money at bar, casino, and café. The route fulfils a definite need of the *de luxe* world. One must go to Le Touquet; one must get there quickly, *c'est ça*.

The Belgian Air Lines too are not slow to seize the opportunities for advertising the charms of the Belgian coast resorts by making them more speedily accessible to the holiday

A YORKSHIRE-BUILT AEROPLANE: which has been assembled in the hangar at Sherburn-in-Elmet, instead of the usual

for WHITSUN

Matters of the Week

CONWAY

traveller. Sabena, whose English agents are Imperial Airways, will run, from July 8 to September 11 this year, a daily service including Sundays to Ostend and Le Zoute, thus snaffling both the business and the pleasure traffic throughout the season. Who needs to hear any more of the attractions of Ostend, bracing air, the most wonderful firm and sandy bathing beach flanked by the long and gaily-thronged Digue, and the amusements of Kursaal and Casino? They have all been found out long ago by thousands of cosmopolitans as well as the more miniature and quieter pleasures of the tributary resorts of Blankenberg, Heyst, and Middelkerk. My concern is to indicate the quickest and best method of getting to them so that holiday enjoyment of them is shortened by the least possible amount.

Le Zoute is an equally charming place though smaller and more exclusive. Close to it is a lovely hotel—the Château d'Ardennes, once the abode of a king's mistress—whose management have foreseen the advent of the flying holiday, and kept a long eye on the needs of present and future private owners by installing an aerodrome for their use. They don't suffer their up-to-date guests to seek out for themselves garage and perhaps other accommodation, these excellent foreign hotels. It is an example of essentially far-sighted business methods in fostering the geese that lay the golden eggs which the larger English luxury hotels need have no shame in copying; copying without delay too, if one is to judge by the enormous number of young people who are buying 'planes cash down—all those who can afford to that is, or offering their well-beloved cars in part payment for the new and more thrilling hobby horse, and settling the rest on the instalment system.

Whichever way they do it, they *will* have the machine, and then it's not a matter of which is the best or most attractive hotel but which has the landing facilities. If they are all equal in that respect the balance of voguish trade is sustained. Those which fall short can look for serious lapses in the receipt of custom.

Talking of hotel aerodromes the earliest established one that I know of in England is at the Fountain Hotel, Loughton, a little place midway between Fenny Stratford and Stony Stratford. Here in the middle of lovely country stands this quite small fourteenth century hotel—very true to period both in exterior and interior, yet offering facilities for the most twentieth century way of getting about the country. I *did* expect to see modernizations of the usual nature, but not an innovation of that sort, "Journalist are you?" said Mr. Harrison, the proprietor and a retired naval lieutenant. "Well, you didn't expect to see a private aerodrome here, did you?" "Oh, indeed, so that explains the Puss Moth that was circling about a while back?" "Yes, you see they circle round the house three times and I know they are coming here. The car's gone to fetch them from the field a short distance away. Rather more news value in that than in fourteenth century interiors—eh? . . . How long have we been open? Oh, just about eighteen months, and you'd be surprised at the number of people who come here lately, not only from the Midlands but from farther afield. Excuse me one moment," and *mine* modern *host* hurried away with the luncheon menu to greet the new air-borne arrivals. Here, thought I to myself, is a man with his eyes well into the future who has shown the way to many a larger enterprise.

Such ventures in accommodation, however, are concerned with the well-being of the private owner. As for the passenger routes and air services operated, every European country seems to be speeding up and linking together existing routes more than ever this year. The latest is the Milan-Trento-Bolzano line linked up, as a result of the rapprochement between Berlin and Rome, with the Innsbruck - Munich. The words "Rome Express" too will take on a new significance when the contemplated non-stop 150-m.p.h. service from Rome to Berlin is inaugurated. But, as they are, the routes supply all that the average man or woman could desire in the way of a Continental holiday. Can't one imagine the convert poring over a map of the lines, not knowing which to choose because they embrace so many of the places he has always wished to see, but has hitherto counted out through not being aware that they could be reached so quickly.

A NEW TYPE OF SAFE LANDING 'PLANE: This two-seater low-wing monoplane, fitted with a Gipsy III engine, has just been produced by Handley Page, Ltd., and is claimed to be practically blunder-proof. Its low landing speed and simplified controls make it one of the easiest crafts of its kind to handle

AN INEXPENSIVE MACHINE FOR THE PRIVATE FLYER: Mr. F. G. Miles in the cockpit of the Miles "Hawk," his latest and most successful design. The "Hawk" has proved itself a very efficient craft and during its first week of existence completed over thirty hours' flying and was tested by fifty-four different pilots. It is priced at £395

A new type of high-wing monoplane for the Yorkshire County Aviation Club's fleet. The 'plane is equipped with a pusher tractor propeller

For myself there is one holiday which I would dearly love to take, and that is the Scandinavian tour on the *Baltic Express*. On May 1, the present line from London via Brussels, Essen, Hamburg, and Copenhagen to Malmö will be extended to Gothenburg and Oslo. Leaving Victoria at 7.30 in the morning I should be in Oslo if I choose at eight o'clock in the evening, having *done* with a bird's-eye, as it were, six countries in 12½ hours. But I shouldn't elect to do the thing that way. It would be so much nicer to make a special arrangement with I.A. and Sabena whereby I could progress from place to place in my own time and occupy a few of my thirty days in each country, keeping the major portion of the holiday for the white summer nights of the North. And perhaps, after having sated myself with beauty in and around Oslo and set eyes on the kaleidoscopic views from pine-clad Holmenkollen, Voksenkollen, and

(*Continued on p.* 386)

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MILES "HAWK": This craft is one of the first cantilever low-wing monoplanes with a successful and practical folding wing device. Note the deep spars and strong wing construction. Another important feature of the Miles "Hawk" is its steep angle of climb after taking off. This makes it particularly suitable for manœuvring in small fields

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

Book-Burning Mania in Germany: Miss Naomi Jacob Not Convincing in Her Latest Novel: D. H. Lawrence in a Circus of Women

MISS MARTIN HARE: the author of "Describe a Circle" which has recently been published by Heinemann's

MISS HEBE SPAULL, whose book, "Youth of Russia To-day," has just been published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson

I expect that, as with Russia, we shall now receive nothing of any value in current literature from Germany. The Nazis have been seized with a book-burning mania, and everything that does not conform to their own conception of the exalted militaristic State, and to the perpetuation of the lie that Germany was not defeated in the field, nor was ever guilty of militarism, will be ruthlessly repressed. There will be a crop of novels, of third-rate merits, written to meet the new nationalistic ardour, in which undoubtedly God will be taken into partnership as of old, as a preferential shareholder in the German nation. Remarque, Mann, Rilke, Feuchtwanger, Ludwig, all the post-war writers of Germany who have brought lustre to the national reputation, have seen their works consigned to the flames with flag-wagging, singing, and abuse from excited youths and men whose black shirts cover a multitude of hysteria. Unhappily there is no chance of knowing what thoughtful Germans are thinking. They have no means of expression, they are throttled in the Press, in exactly the manner in which the intellectuals of Italy were choked, or beaten into silent assent, or driven into exile. It would be an error to believe that the purge of German literature is endorsed by any body of Germans who have escaped the herd mania to which the German people have always been so prone. The other day I found myself talking with Captain von Rintelen, the author of that remarkable book, *The Dark Invader*. It is the story of exceptional heroism by an unflinching German patriot. Captain von Rintelen plotted and risked his life a dozen times for his country. He saw his work fall into ruin, and suffered frightful imprisonment in the United States after being extradited from a prisoners' camp in England. He is appalled at the setback Germany has sustained by the irresponsibility of this Revolution, and the supreme tactlessness with which the International situation has been handled. Men like von Papen command no respect in the world, and the sword-rattling speeches they make undo all that years of tactful diplomacy have achieved in bringing back Germany into the comity of nations. The state of the German Press, cowed and paralysed, could not be better demonstrated than by the fact that von Rintelen's book could not find a publisher in Germany bold enough to issue it, although it is a book entirely creditable to German character and enterprise. The strictures on von Papen, whose reckless behaviour brought ruin upon the German cause in the United States, frightened the publishers. That von Papen has learned nothing from his folly the whole world has recently had a startling demonstration. There has been of late a considerable field for German books in this country, and they were instrumental in building up that sympathy towards the German nation among the English which became so perturbing to the French. Now, all that subtle influence is stopped. We are to receive only the books the German Government consider fit for us, which means the end of our interest in modern German books.

A little book entitled *Towards Standards of Criticism* (Wishart. 5s.) sets me wondering whether there can be any such things as standards in criticism. The other evening I found myself debating in public with Lord David Cecil. He had to sustain the proposition that modern literature lacks imagination. I felt he had the most difficult side of the debate, and he went to his task gallantly, but the debate and the discussion that followed merely served to illustrate that there are no standards of criticism.

Happily for authors, good and bad, readers will never agree in their opinions upon what they like. Some of the most acclaimed writers of the day I find unreadable, and quite a few with an eclectic reputation I regard as illiterate. Their "style" is a conscious or unconscious specimen of bad writing. *Towards Standards of Criticism* is a collection of reviews from *The Calendar of Modern Letters*, which died for want of support. I do not wonder. Few of us, as authors or readers, could live in the rarefied atmosphere of these young Olympians who dismiss their victims to Hades with a wave of the pen. When I learn that Mr. Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* is "a remarkable example of what can be done with words by a man who has apparently not the slightest aptitude for the handling of them," I want to know no more about the critic or his standard of taste. Scarcely anyone is approved of by this Olympian band, most of whom bear insignificant names in contemporary literature, but they are intelligent, too much so, and alert as monkeys ever looking for coconuts to throw at stupid human beings. There is talk of "empirico-individualism" and of "the refined journalistic world which is the special province of the Mensheviks," whatever that means. Mr. T. S. Eliot's name, of course, is never mentioned without a genuflexion, Mr. Noyes and Mr. Binyon are well kicked. But it is a pity the *Calendar* has failed; there are many mansions in the house of literature, with attics for the highest highbrows from which to do a little peashooting at humble pedestrians.

I cannot escape a conviction that Miss Naomi Jacob, able novelist that she is, is grossly overproducing. Few authors can stand the strain of a new novel every six months. She has turned out a swift succession of delightful books, but I have a feeling that the stream is running thin, and that she must guard against the customary failing of women writers, an incessant flow and no self-criticism. *Poor Straws* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is a good enough story, as this kind of story goes, but it is not worthy of Miss Jacob's reputation, and it is devoid of the power and originality of which she is capable at her best. It tells the history of a small family in a drab manufacturing town, of a sane mother and father, and ambitious, pert children. Miss Jacob leaves me quite unconvinced that pushing Percy could have intimidated his employer, a hard-headed Yorkshireman, by a threat of something akin to blackmail. No working-class mother would ever say "she went to school in Paris, and rides to hounds." There are many false touches of this kind, but it is the general thinness of the story that I deplore. I think Miss Jacob should lie fallow for a time and not overwork a very considerable talent.

Miss Hebe Spaull's *Youth of Russia To-day* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 3s. 6d.) is a survey of modern Bolshevik Russia, with particular reference to the treatment by the State of the young generation. This book, unlike most that deal with Russia, having any kind of sympathy for the present regime, is refreshingly free from propaganda. It makes no attempt to skate airily over the worst aspects of Bolshevism, and Miss Spaull seems well aware of the stupidities, as well as the merits, that are to be found in the present regime. She conveys excellently the vast area over which Russian influence is spread, tells one much of what Russia plans to do, how the young Russian is taught, what he reads, what he believes, how he spends his leisure, the religion he scorns or ignores, and the ambitions he entertains for the future. Miss Spaull is very outspoken concerning the U.S.S.R.'s attack on religion, and we have from her a trustworthy and reasonable account, this time, in which she holds the scales fairly. Apropos of Russia's army, she writes "that whilst Soviet Russia may not have the same kind of territorial ambitions as Imperialistic Russia, yet she may use her army to force Communism on her neighbours as soon as she feels strong enough to do so. Thus it comes about that both Russia and her neighbours appear to be relying on the old dictum that has already proved itself false, that if you want peace you must prepare for war." This is an engaging little book, with the impress of truth and fairness on every page.

Poor D. H. Lawrence! The spate of books exposing his sickness continues. He seemed to have attracted towards himself a number of hysterical, unbalanced minds, as well as some of the shrewdest. *Lorenzo in Taos*, by Mabel Dodge Luhan (Secker. 10s. 6d.), must be read to be believed. Mrs. Luhan is a psycho-analyst; she is full of inhibitions which must be got rid of, she talks the jargon of Freud and Jung, she romps among introverts and extroverts, she releases her "libido," and keeps a kind of asylum in Taos, in New Mexico. Into her fold she entices the self-tortured spirit of Lawrence, who becomes her Lorenzo. "I willed him to come. Before I went to sleep at night I drew myself all into the core of my being, where there is a live plangent force lying passive—waiting for direction. Becoming entirely that, moving with it, speaking with it, I leaped through space, joining myself to the central core of Lawrence. . . ." There are pages and pages of this sort of thing. Lawrence, in a circus of women, seems to have stamped about like a bewildered bear, and in lighter moments took to painting lavatories with symbolic designs. "I pranced round him cutting and trimming his red beard. He sat meek and good like a little boy, a white towel tied round his neck, and the red bits of hair fell around him on the floor. I simply adored cutting his beard," writes Delilah Dodge Luhan. All his life Lawrence had a sick mind, and it is a pity that in his unhappy state he was not protected from women who, under the guise of hero-worship, used him as a guy for their own antic dispositions.

Mr. Robert Gathorne Hardy's *Other Seas* (Collins. 7s. 6d.), divides itself into three distinct sections—travel, reminiscence, and fiction. There is a simple but charming narrative of a journey to Northern Labrador, with much interesting matter about the Eskimo. There is actually a good word for missionaries. "Moravian missionaries have been in Labrador since the eighteenth century, and it is their endeavours alone which have preserved the Eskimo, and have turned a thieving, treacherous, murderous race into a people of unbelievable gentleness and honesty." The second section of the book describes with humour the author's experience of village life, which is capable of feuds of incredible fierceness. The third section is a fantastic and not very successful excursion into the necromantic.

Mr. Joseph Kessel has already demonstrated that he is an excellent storyteller. In his new book, *Crossroads* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), he gives us a story that covers adventures in diverse parts of the globe. Mr. Kessel is rich in invention. He tells us of a Russian, with an Arab mother, who has been a Soviet agent in the Yemen; of Morhom, an exiled Breton, who indulges in illicit gun-running, and of young Philip Lozere, victim of an unhappy love affair. The story is presented with a wealth of detail and the plot is ingenious and well constructed. Here is a most unusual and fascinating world revealed by a master of his craft.

When I was in Havre the other day my thoughts turned to an ancestor of mine, Lieut.-Colonel David Roberts, who lay buried there. He had served as brigade-major to General Leith during the retreat to Corunna during the Peninsular War, and lost his right hand in the affair at Lugo. He was in temporary command of his regiment at Vittoria. In the battle of Vera he received a bullet in his back which was never extricated. His hour of fame was not won by his military prowess. He once walked the town as a poet. I wonder how many readers have ever heard of a long poem called *The Adventures of Johnny Newcome and his Campaign in the Peninsula and in Pall Mall?* It made quite a noise in its day and had illustrations by Rowlandson. Thoughts of this soldier-ancestor were again in mind when I picked up Mr. C. S. Forester's story, *The Gun* (Lane. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Forester had made quite a corner for himself in stories of the Peninsula War. His last, *Death to the French*, the story of a simple soldier who carried on a campaign against the French, will be recalled.

He has the art of conjuring up a complete picture from a small object or an insignificant person. His ability is again admirably demonstrated in *The Gun*, which tells the story of an old gun left behind in a retreat from the French, which was restored and used by a guerillero. Its subsequent adventures are minutely followed and the whole campaign of the Spanish Peninsula is thereby brought vividly to light. Mr. Forester is a most deft cameo-carver, and this new story will maintain the reputation he has won for himself.

BOOKS TO READ

CARRICK DAYS, by D. C. Cuthbertson, F.R.G.S. (Grant and Murray. 7s. 6d.). A lowland book about the land of Robert Bruce, the Kennedys, Burns, and the Covenanters.

YOUTH IN SOVIET RUSSIA, by Klaus Mehnert (George Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.). A glimpse of the lives led by some of the 100,000,000 young men and women under twenty-five in the Soviet Union to-day.

THE BRITISH HIGHLANDS WITH ROPE AND RUCKSACK, by Ernest A. Baker, D.Lit., M.A. (H. F. and G. Witherby. 10s. 6d.). A story for climbing enthusiasts.

CIRCUS COMPANY, by Edward Seago (Putnam. 10s. 6d.). Life on the road with a travelling show. Introduction by John Masefield.

TITANS OF LITERATURE, by Burton Rascoe (George Routledge. 12s. 6d.). A discussion on the outstanding figures in world literature from Homer to the present day.

For Animal Lovers

THE NEWCOMER: Mother and father lemur at the London Zoo with their baby which has just been born. *Below, left*—Skilled hands feeling for injuries at the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals at Ealing. This organization treated 4,000 out-patients and 1,000 in-cases last year

A HANGER-ON AT THE ZOO

Mother lemur takes the air with her newly-born baby wound round her body. It clings on with its claws and tail

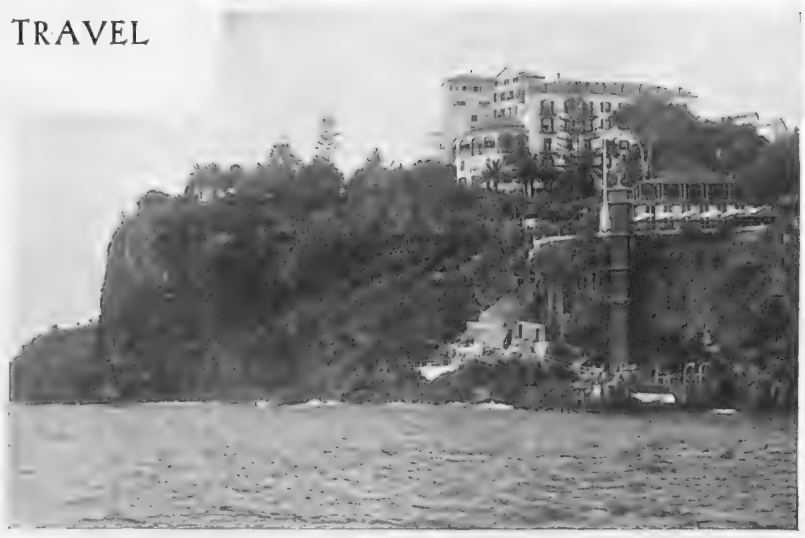
FAT, FAIR, AND FORTY: This pony belonging to Mrs. William R. Scott of Balfunning, near Glasgow, is now over forty years old and is still in the best of health in spite of having completed nearly double its allotted span

The baby rhino at the Zoo was lonely, so this goat from Whipsnade has come to London as his companion

THE RHINO AND THE RUMINANT

SPHERE of TRAVEL

MONTE CARLO: The famous Riviera resort from the sea



REID'S PALACE HOTEL, MADEIRA: A general view taken from the sea

THE RIVIERA FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS

The very word "Riviera" has an expensive luxurious sound, probably because that favoured strip of the Mediterranean coast has for so many years been the principal winter resort of the wealthy and the fashionable. But the summer holiday on the Riviera need not be expensive. Hotel prices have been considerably reduced, and the introduction of second and third-class sleepers, and the second-class Pullman cars have made it possible to travel to the Riviera in perfect comfort at a reasonable cost. The extra charge for a third-class sleeping berth on the P.L.M. Service from Paris to the Riviera, for instance, is only 95 frs. in addition to the ordinary third-class fare.

The growing popularity of a summer holiday on the Riviera is principally due to the fact that the Riviera provides the one thing most needed for a summer holiday, and the most difficult to be sure of, that is warm sunshine every day and a warm sea for bathing.

That there is a summer season on the Riviera nowadays is shown by the building of the Monte Carlo Beach and Beach Hotel, with its floating island, and the Palm Beach at Cannes, both with magnificent bathing pools attached, and by the fact that in all resorts, hotels which five or six years ago used to be closed from May to October are now open all the year round, that the Côte d'Azur Pullman will this year for the first time be running from July 10 to September 16, and that there are through services from Calais.

Nice, the metropolis of the Riviera, has had a summer season ever since the War. It is more or less a junction of all the routes from the different parts of Europe to the Riviera, and an excellent centre for excursions both along the coast, up into the hills behind, to the beautiful island of Corsica, and on the Route des Alpes across the Dauphiny and Savoy Alps to Briançon, Grenoble, Aix-les-Bains, Annecy, Chamonix, Evian, and Geneva.

Cannes and Monte Carlo, two resorts very much in favour with English people, are becoming almost as fashionable in summer as they are in winter and have made every effort to attract the holiday-makers.

In addition to these large resorts whose popularity is now almost international, there are many smaller places along the coast from Marseilles to Cannes whose chief attraction lies in their beautiful surroundings and cheap hotel accommodation. They fall roughly into three separate groups.

Included in the first are Les Lecques; Cassis, with its wonderful fjord-like "calangues"; La Ciotat, with its new Casino and swimming pool; Bandols, on the prettiest of bays with two fine beaches; Sanary, enfolded in a creek; Les Sablettes, amid pines and tamarisks, with a beautiful shelving beach.

In the second group situated on the Côte des Maures are Le Lavandou; Cavalière embowered in roses with a beach screened by pines; Le Rayol, where the mountains of the Moors rise from the water's edge; and there is a beautiful sandy beach and four new hotels.

Into the third group come Agay of the famous "Roches Rouges," a lovely peaceful spot; Anthéor, a favourite corner with artists; Le Trayas, with several small beaches, a centre for excursions in the Estérels; Théoule, a lively, unpretentious resort in an idyllic situation, and Napoule, which has an extensive beach and several good hotels.

THE BEACH AT BANDOLS: A popular Riviera resort noted for its charming scenery and excellent bathing facilities

THE DANCE PAVILION at Reid's Palace Hotel where it overlooks the town and harbour of Funchal

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS.

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information.

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered, and in order that the replies may be as full as possible readers are asked to send threepence in stamps in order to cover the cost of postage of booklets relating to their enquiry

CANNES: The swimming pool at Palm Beach

REID'S PALACE HOTEL: Bathing time

MADEIRA: A GEM of the ATLANTIC

The popularity of Madeira as a winter resort is well established. Probably no winter resort has made greater headway during recent years. Nor is this to be wondered at, when one thinks of the many charms of scenery Madeira has to offer, and of the exceptional climate of the island; but what is not so generally known is that Madeira is just as attractive in summer as in winter, and an excellent place for a delightful summer holiday.

Dealing first with the all-important problem of climate, this is certainly beyond reproach, for the situation of Madeira is such that it reaps the benefit of cooling Atlantic summer breezes, and thus, although you have that almost constant sunshine which makes outdoor life so agreeable, the heat is never greater than that of a warm English summer, nor is there ever a sudden chill, bringing a drop in the temperature at night which, in some resorts, it is very necessary to guard against. And then, if you should ever find it too warm at lower and sheltered levels, there are always the bracing highlands for you to explore, whilst you revel in the beautiful scenery of a temperate, as well as a sub-tropical clime, you will there find.

For it is one of the greatest of Madeira's many assets that it has such a wonderful variety of scenery, and such a luxuriance of vegetation, and there is no time of the year when the glory of the flowers is greater than in the early summer. Then you will see the island's gardens ablaze with blossom, and the riot of colour, with the vivid green of grass and fern.

Then, too, is the time for sport, for which there is no lack of facilities in Madeira. Within easy reach of all the hotels, at the British Country Club, with delightful grounds and a most hospitable club-house, you can play squash rackets, badminton, lawn tennis on hard courts, and golf on an 18-hole course, which will give you some of the finest mashie play imaginable. Three thousand feet up, reached by mountain railway or by car, over a good road, there is another course, constructed in ideal surroundings, as one of the premier attractions of a lovely hill summer resort, and here you will go round in an invigorating air which will put extra "polish" on your play!

But Madeira's crowning joy is its sea bathing, and this is at its best in summer. Then the blue waters of the Atlantic are at just the correct temperature.

At Reid's Palace Hotel there are exceptional facilities for indulging in sea-bathing which is perfectly safe, in water so screened from the wind by high cliffs that it is almost always quite smooth, whilst on a succession of picturesquely-constructed rock terraces you can lie back after your invigorating bathe and take the sun at your leisure; and to complete this picture of sea-bathing to perfection, there is actually a lift from the hotel to the bathing platforms.

Reid's also has the great advantage of possessing its own springs of water of exceptionable quality, its cuisine is renowned amongst the thousands of travellers who have at one time or another stayed in Madeira, or visited it as a port of call, and, as by magic, a foreword to the hotel will ensure that you are wafted, in a smart private launch, from your steamer to a private pier, therefrom to ascend by lift to a garden terrace whereon you will rest amidst the perfume of flowers, and under the enchantment of a glorious view, until all is arranged for you within.

GREENWICH TO LIVE AGAIN

Rehearsal Scenes at the Forthcoming Pageant Preparations

"NELSON GOES HOME, 1806": Twelve bearers are seen carrying the bier, a replica of Nelson's coffin, followed by Sir Peter Parker, Bart., chief mourner, Captain Blackwood, Admiral Lord Hood, and Admiral Lord Radstock. The cortège, with banners, passes down to the river wall. The colonnade at the back is part of the William and Mary buildings of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich

THE COMING OF WAR: On the great screen at Greenwich will be thrown a shadowy hand typifying destiny taking whom he will. The shadow figures come from the group on the left

THE GREENWICH OF CHARLES II LIVES AGAIN: A snapshot in a great pillared way at Greenwich Hospital. A large part of the hospital came into being during the Restoration period

THE TUDOR PERIOD AT GREENWICH

Special "Sphere" pictures

SAILORS OF NELSON'S DAY LINE UP FOR THE PASSING OF THE GREAT ADMIRAL

The scene on the left shows the Lord Mayor talking with a pikeman during the episode of the christening of Princess Elizabeth, and on the right we see the white-trousered men from Nelson's fleet assembled for Act IV which tells of the passing of Nelson. All the above scenes were taken a few nights ago at Greenwich Hospital and indicate the progress which is being made in the arrangements for the pageant. All the actors shown above are local residents. Extensive preparations are being made to cater for visitors, and a fish dinner at Greenwich promises to be the thing to do during the period of the pageant—June 16 to 24.

PLAYS: By PHILIP PAGE

VICTORIA HOPPER who gives a sincere and moving performance as the peasant girl in Jean Jacques Bernard's successful play *Martine* at the Ambassadors

Who said that no French dramatist has ever been able to resist the temptation to be a little bit shocking, or at least "realistic," to dot every i and to cross every t when it is a matter of sex? And how many plays, when it comes to that, are not a matter of sex?

M. Jean Jacques Bernard is an exception. Take the situation of a village maiden, as pretty as a dozen pretty pictures and a blonde at that, and a young man above her in social status. They flirt, of course. They even fall in love; he slightly, she desperately. And he leaves her to marry somebody else. Yet there has not been what is known as "sin." The apple tree beneath whose boughs they snuggled was not as the oak tree of Mr. Douglas Byng at the Comedy Theatre. Strange, but true.

That, in effect, is *Martine*, which is almost a classic on the Continent and has now come at last to the Ambassadors Theatre. It is a fragrant, charming, tender, wistful little play. I could think of an even longer string of commendatory adjectives.

But I would find it difficult honestly to describe it as a masterpiece (except, perhaps, a masterpiece of restraint), and how it has come to be even a near-classic is to me a mystery. But it is so, and I trust Mr. Sydney Carroll, who has produced it and deserves thanks on that account, will in due course be able to point with pride to the fact that London has endorsed Continental opinion.

Delightful was the meeting between Julien, back, demobilized, from Syria, and walking from the station to the village on that hot summer day; and Martine, resting by the wayside with her baskets of farm produce. Very pastoral and Maud Muller-ish.

Handsome young Julien, with his nice clean clothes and his habit of quoting poetry, bedazzled Martine, and put out of her head all thoughts of marrying the honest but rather muddy young farmer who adored her. But Julien's old grandmother—French and thrifty and "managing"—had set her heart on his marrying Jeanne, who was a town mouse and not a country mouse, and who had a bit of money, and who dressed well and who was quite a nice girl really, and who talked in a friendly way, without even a trace of cattiness, to poor Martine. And Jeanne married Julien and Martine moped prettily, and that was the end of it.

With remarkable skill has the author managed to make a great deal out of very little. Or rather, to suggest a great deal. The story is of the slightest; yet the drama of it moves vividly enough and is none the less a drama for the lack of anybody dying. A more obvious dramatist would surely have given Martine a baby—or let Julien give her one—and would have made Martine kill it too. Not so M. Bernard.

Since *Martine* is so essentially a drama of youth two very young players have been chosen for the protagonists. All Mr. Hubert Gregg, who was, I understand, at school only a few months ago, needs is experience. Obviously he is more than capable, and he is a young man who can be the *jeune premier* without for a moment suggesting the *ingénu*.

Miss Victoria Hopper, who is a good deal more picturesque than her name, is a sort of rural edition of Miss Joan Barry. She plays Martine prettily and pathetically and does not simper. Miss Rosalinde Fuller, with considerable skill, avoided angling for sympathy as Jeanne and otherwise let this brilliantly-written part play itself. Perfect was Miss Hilda Trevelyan as the grandmother.

So now we have our Wendys playing grandmothers! *Eheu fugaces*. . . . . But that is better than if our grandmothers played Wendys.

One of the canons of farce-making used to be that (a) a farce should be carefully constructed, and (b) that it should be played quite seriously by everybody concerned, since only in that way can it appear funny to the spectators.

Spendlove Hall, a piece of irresponsible nonsense at the Queen's Theatre, breaks both these rules and many others, including those which govern good taste. It has the air of being made up by the players as they go along. What it is about Heaven only knows, and nobody on earth cares. It is acted, and quite well acted, by a company who give the impression that they are a lot of rather jolly people who have had a good dinner and are amusing one another with an improvised variety entertainment in the drawing-room.

Probably that is why the play does not exasperate by its silliness quite so much as it otherwise might. The audience, who on the first night laughed considerably, appeared to feel as if they were being taken into the confidence of those on the other side of the footlights, rather in the "Follies" or "Co-optimists" style. The presence in the cast of Mr. Davy Burnaby was a reminder of the latter troupe. I expected him at any moment to address us. He did not, and was content to be as funny as the author allowed him to be as Lord Spendlove, a middle-aged peer who let his mansion to a film company and had ambitions

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN: Lucille Lisle, Louise Hampton, Nadine March, and Barry K. Barnes in a scene where the young artist-lover is frowned upon by Mamma

FREDERICK LEISTER as Davenport, the art critic, informs Susan Haggett of the value of the late Christopher Bean's work

THE HAGGETT FAMILY, who since Christopher Bean's work have spirators, stand round the Hardwicke) haggles for more

THE BRONTËS AT HOME: There was a distinguished gathering on the stage of the Royalty Theatre last week when Helena Pickard (Anne), Lydia Sherwood (Charlotte), and Dorothy Black (Emily) held an "At Home" with the Haworth Parsonage scenery as background. On the left of the three sisters are Lady Melchett and Mr. John Drinkwater, and on the right Miss Dodie Smith

THE COMEDY OF SUDDEN MONEY AT THE ST. JAMES'S

Left—Gwenny, the Welsh maid, reading a telegram from a fam for a picture of the late Christo burdens her soul to Tallant and tells him of the genius of the denouement of this delightful play avaricious family for whom she famous and

NADINE MARCH as Ada Haggett shows Robert Holmes, the art dealer, the latest example of her immature talent. A Christopher Bean picture is painted on the other side

...eir discovery of the value of ...ecome a gang of avaricious con... able while Dr. Haggett (Cedric ...hous...nds for the Bean pictures

DR. HAGGETT offers Gwenny (Edith Evans) the Welsh maid a paltry fiver for her painting by the late Christopher Bean

...played delightfully by Edith Evans, ...ous art gallery offering £1,200 ...pher Bean. *Right*—Gwenny un... (Robert Holmes), the art dealer, ...late lamented Bean. The final ...leaves Gwenny, in spite of the ...works, the sole owner of the now ...valuable pictures

SCENES FROM "THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN"

"Martine" at the Ambassadors—The Art of Jean Jacques Bernard: "Spendlove Hall" at the Queen's—an Inconsequential Farce: Brontëism

himself to shine as a film star and a scenario writer.

I have some recollection of Mr. Burnaby and Miss Ena Grossmith rehearsing a "cod" film drama which, like a rather similar episode in *Music in the Air*, would have been funnier had it been shorter.

Miss Sydney Fairbrother was permitted to exploit her humorously lugubrious personality with good effect. Miss Polly Luce, the type of blonde who suggests Hollywood bathing pools and back stage romances rather than the costume of the Pompadour, extracted some fun by reason of the very incongruity of her personality when plunged into an eighteenth century scene.

And film cameras and all the weird contraptions of the cinema trade, both human and mechanical, moved across the stage in one act to the accompaniment of a technical jargon which seemed to be understood, and duly laughed at, by most people but which to me is less intelligible than Greek. There was a love *motif* which had begun in Deauville and ended nowhere.

From Spendlove Hall to Haworth Parsonage is a longish step—much farther than from the Queen's Theatre to the Apollo, which is almost next door.

To *Wild Decembers*, the latest Brontë play, which is from the distinguished pen of Miss Clemence Dane, the familiar test can be applied. Would it be as interesting if it were not about the Brontës? I am aware that that question in some degree itself begs the question. For it assumes at the outset that any play about the Brontës must of necessity be interesting—an assumption which I, for one, cannot undertake.

That literary trio are behind the footlights precisely what a dramatist makes them. They have no theatrical value in themselves. The Brontë sisters, Bront they never so wisely, are not definite stage entities as are, for instance, the Dolly Sisters. And here Mr. C. B. Cochran, who has the distinction of having produced all five, will, I fancy, agree with me.

I will go further than that and declare that no really good play will ever be made out of the Brontë family without distortion of facts. And to do that would make the most distinguished of all Brontëlogists—and a former editor of THE SPHERE, to which attaches even greater distinction—turn in his grave. Indeed, one of the few regrets attaching to the present spate of dramatic Brontëism is that Mr. Clement Shorter is not alive to give us his opinion on it.

If Miss Dane has not achieved the impossible and written a good play round the subject she has chosen, she has written something of deep interest. Of course, her play is episodic. It has to be. It has to skip over years and give us detached or semi-detached "vignettes," instead of acts linked closely together to form a dramatic whole. But it is all done extraordinarily cleverly, and I imagine the play would read as well as it acts, or even better.

(Since Mr. Page reviewed *Wild Decembers*, Mr. C. B. Cochran has announced its withdrawal at the end of this week. He gives as his reasons the verdict of the Sunday Press and states that he was not aware that when he accepted Miss Clemence Dane's play that other Brontë dramas were to be produced.)

BABY LEROY who takes a leading rôle in the new Paramount picture *A Bedtime Story* with Maurice Chevalier, Helen Twelvetrees, and Edward Everett Horton

Strange that Covent Garden, so often criticized for not producing novelties, should have lavished so much time and energy in digging up *La Damnation de Faust*, written over eighty years ago, and in presenting it as an opera for the first time in London.

This was originally a concert piece, known to choral societies. Even as an opera it is thirty years old. If the charge of giving us in Bow Street the familiar sound of Wagner, Verdi, and Puccini, year after year, is to be avoided, it had surely better be done by the production of a new opera—Germany has several—rather than of an ancient, if not generally familiar one, which takes every bit as much trouble.

The position of Berlioz, who wrote this version of *Faust*, is rather peculiar. He has his enthusiastic following, who, like most enthusiasts, overdo the eulogy. There are also those who find his music cheap, flashy, and insincere. No one, in either camp, could deny that he was much before his time.

Berlioz does not give me the pain in the neck he gives to some people. But I find him unsatisfactory in that he falls between two schools. His work has neither the strength nor the dramatic interest of the makers of music-drama, whose High Priest is Wagner. On the other hand, he is thematically weak—that is to say, he does not turn out the good round tunes of Verdi or even of Gounod, whose *Faust* I am not in the least ashamed to prefer to this *La Damnation* business.

The Berlioz verson has been ecstatically praised. It contains much ingenious and some very beautiful music. But I fancy the general impression is that it is on the dull side, and here I range myself with the majority.

The singing was fair to moderate only, with the exception of Signor Formichi as Mephistopheles.

A BRILLIANT NEW CABARET COMBINATION: These three young artistes, Bobby Blair, Kenneth Froy, and Eda Peel, who have just opened in cabaret in London, have been appearing at the Trocadero, Mayfair, and other resorts at supper-time

SUMM SILHO

Shoulders are Squared
Waists and Hips are Slender
Skirts Widen at the Hem

The Swagger coat, worn over a very narrow skirt, is the most characteristic line for informal day clothes. Peter Russell uses brown and white check boucle for this model, which is completed by a tailored waistcoat with short crêpe-de-chine sleeves. His distinctly jaunty version of the bowler hat is trimmed with brown and white petersham ribbons

Shoulder and sleeve treatments provide all the thrills in afternoon coats and frocks. Peggy Morris allies dark blue and white in a striking ensemble, the focal point of which is the jumper in a fabric woven in linen thread and silk. The row of buttons down the front, the very original sleeves, and the softened neckline, are points to note

ER
UETTES

○ ○ ○ ○

Hats have become very definite in line, with a marked tendency to rise at the back and tilt forward over the eyes. In tomato-coloured Celtagel, with a brim lined with blue organdie, this Jeff model is as chic as it is dignified. Gloves with blue organdie cuffs match the huge bow

A Spanish influence is discernible in the exotic black ciré chiffon dinner dress by Norman Hartnell that is shown below. Rows of shirring soften the front, while masses of frills form a graceful train and give breadth to the upper part of the arm. An exquisite jewelled brooch accents the asymmetric neckline

Photographs by Peter North

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

DEVELOPING THE OVERSEAS MARKET: One of a consignment of Hillman Minx cars being unloaded at Rio de Janeiro. In common with other countries, South America is finding the British light car more and more to its liking

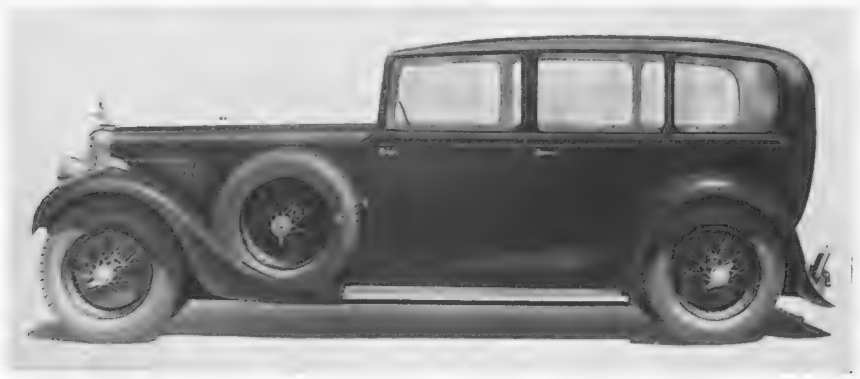
ANTIQUATED SIGNPOSTS.—I would not like to say that nothing has been done to improve the signposting of this country for that would not be strictly accurate, but the improvements that have been carried out are so unimportant that it is still perfectly true to describe the signposting of Great Britain as very second rate. I am afraid that in most counties all that has been done, and that not too frequently, has been the repainting of existing posts and arms. I very much doubt whether our present signposts were of any real assistance to the travellers by carriage in the old days, but in these enlightened times they are definitely grotesque. Whatever is the use of planting a signpost at one of the corners of a busy cross-road? Obviously, the signpost is only of use to the stranger, and he will, therefore, probably be unaware of the dangerous nature of the crossing; still he is bound to pull up in an exposed and dangerous position in order to make certain of his direction. This method of signposting was probably adopted in the past, and continued in the present time solely on the score of economy, for in such a position one post with four arms is sufficient. To do the job properly means four such signposts and arms, or at least four large boards all placed, say, 100 yards before the crossing is reached. What we want in these days, when time is money, is a clear indication 100 yards or so ahead of the direction which a driver should take if he wishes to travel to a certain town. On the Great North Road there are several examples of good signposting, but in many instances the credit for the erection of these up-to-date direction signs must be given to either the Royal Automobile Club or the Automobile Association.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.—One of the most annoying troubles of present-day signposts is their lack of what I may call continuity. Sooner or later every motorist finds himself lost once he takes his car off the beaten track, and the way he loses himself comes about in this manner: He leaves a road and branches down another because he wishes to go to, say, "Findit-on-Sea," and secondly, because the signpost points down this branch road. On he goes merrily, knowing that he is in the right direction and admires the view until he suddenly finds he has come to a cross road or road junction. He then examines all the arms of the signpost and discovers to his utmost dismay that none of them point to "Findit-on-Sea." Unless he is armed with a map or relies on the doubtful assistance of a local, he must just spin a coin and determine his direction by that means. I have often wondered how this state of affairs came into existence, and I have been forced to the conclusion that it is a relic of the time when signposts must have been the concern of a local parish, and obviously what happened in one parish was not known or of interest to anyone in the next parish.

I really think that the Ministry of Transport might disturb themselves a little more in this direction, and when they do start perhaps they would also see what can be done to help strangers to find their way through towns and cities. I do not in any way wish to belittle the very fine efforts of the Ministry in numbering all our roads. That has been good work, but there is still more to do. The Government of the country must be aware of the important trade benefits that accrue from a busy tourist traffic. It is, therefore, not only the interests of local motorists that are affected, but also the general trade of the country.

THE CRESTED EAGLE.—The Alvis Company have announced the arrival of a new model which will be known as the Alvis Crested Eagle and its object in life is to succeed the well-known Silver Eagle. The new car is made with two sizes of 6-cylinder engine, rated respectively at 16·95 h.p. and 20 h.p. Two lengths of chassis are also available, but in the longer of these the larger engine only will be fitted. Of all the many interesting features of this new model I think the independent springing and steering of each front wheel are the most important. This design is something quite out of the ordinary, but it has long since passed the experimental stage as far as Alvis is concerned. The design has been developed from that used in Alvis racing cars since 1925, and so it can be truthfully stated that it has received terrific testing under the most arduous conditions. The design in the main consists of a single transverse spring rigidly mounted at its centre to a cross-member of the chassis, immediately behind the radiator. To the extremities of this spring are attached the forgings which carry the stub-axles of the front wheels. This design has many advantages, and it is interesting to place on record that here is another instance of successful participation in racing conferring benefits on the ordinary touring car user.

SERVICE "PAR EXCELLENCE": A Sunbeam saloon being "valeted" at one of the 2,000 service stations installed by Tecalemit, Ltd., in the British Isles. High-pressure greasing and washing, brake adjustment, etc., are but a few of the features of the service



A NEW ALVIS MODEL: The Crested Eagle limousine on the 20-h.p. long chassis. This model is fitted with the Wilson pre-selective self-changing gear-box

The 6-cylinder Crested Eagle engine is almost identical with the previous Silver Eagle unit. Certain minor alterations have been carried out, but the old engine was so satisfactory that it would have been foolish to have made changes just for the sake of being different. The transmission consists, first of all, of the Wilson pre-selective self-changing gear-box, and this unit has been specially designed for the car. There are a variety of bodies, and prices range from £750 to £850.

THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON

(Continued from p. 368)

occupation. These converted buildings have the advantage of more light and air, and suffer far less from the constant noise and din of traffic in the City. Generally speaking, they are more convenient of access. What was a mere trickle in the beginning steadily increased and became a stream."

Yet another factor in the change has been the development of London into the greatest individual industrial centre in the world. Numerous factories have sprung up all round London with their own offices and business organization, thus depriving the City of a large number of wholesale representatives and agents. A famous motor firm formerly manufacturing in America now has its works on the edge of London and its own showrooms in Regent Street. A French textile firm formerly dealing through agents now has its own shop in Regent Street, a British steel and armaments concern has its own showrooms in Westminster, and there are actual cases in London where the whole process of commerce from manufacture to retail selling is concentrated in one building. Incidentally, the London offices of the world's most famous cheap store are within 10 yards of Bond Street and in sight of two of the most expensive shops in the whole world.

It is unquestionable that in London to-day there are far more offices available than London requires at the moment. The reason is that the period in which there was widespread rebuilding, often compelled by leases falling in, coincided with a period of acute economic depression. At the same time large commercial and industrial undertakings were using their reserves in erecting blocks of offices to suit their own special requirements, thus throwing other accommodation on to the market. London's offices have reached saturation point until trade improves. It is true that the conversion of private houses and the building of new offices continue, but in most cases it is not for letting, but to suit the particular purposes of definite firms. It is a curious fact about the accommodation vacant in the City that most of it is of small area. If a large and important concern wanted spacious offices in the right place—for position is as important as ever—it would have considerable difficulty in finding it. This is probably one of the reasons why building continues in Western London.

Actually this building revolution has been going on for years, though formerly it was more confined to private houses. There are houses in Highbury New Park where up to eleven servants used to be kept. Now some of them are divided up into as many as fourteen flats. With the development of the North London factory area their original inhabitants moved out first to St. John's Wood, and some later to Hampstead and Golders Green, while new tenants, with less money and a more intimate connection with commerce, moved in. And the face of London will continue to change, but the City will not decay. In fifty years' time it will still be the centre of banking, insurance, and stockbroking, and the other sections of City life which deal intimately with the merchandise that arrives each day in great ships in the Pool of London will still be where they are to-day.

FLY THERE FOR WHITSUN

(Continued from p. 377)

Frognersaeter, I would go on to Stockholm if only to enjoy in the flesh Ragnar Ostberg's beautiful Town Hall and modern Swedish architecture in general.

And then, I think, I couldn't resist a trip across the the Baltic in a K.L.M. Junkers' hydroplane to Helsingfors, most modern of capitals, and full of interest from the industrial as well as the architectural point of view. Thence I could lose myself in the mysterious beauty of Finnish lakeland and forest, bathed in a more unearthly radiance still when the sun sinks finally, and gives place to that weird white half light that is the northern summer night.

Most of all, however, I want to run round in a circle in South-East Germany—from Frankfort to Leipzig, and on to the Silician mountains and forests at Breslau. People always seem to neglect this part of Germany for the more western regions, forgetting the rare beauty of the Alpine Isergebirge and Riesengebirge, with the gorges of Schneegruben, the Grosser and Kleiner Tisch, and the gigantic peak of Schneekoppe, and, most lovely of all, the mighty Sudeten chain with its ancient towns and castles, and pretty spas and resorts. From there down to Prague and Vienna, back to better-known Innsbruck, Munich, and Nuremberg, and home via Strasburg and Paris for a touch again of the gay life, would round off a delightful and out of the ordinary holiday; and it could all be done at long leisure in the space of the week.

THE ROYAL LEVEE
And Other EVENTS

LAST MONDAY'S LEVEE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: A group of officers of the 3rd Hussars leaving the Palace after the ceremony

NAVAL PRESENTATIONS: Officers leaving St. James's Palace after their presentation

OFFICERS of the Highland Light Infantry leaving after the ceremony

The Prince of Wales held a Levee on behalf of the King at St. James's Palace on Monday last when members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Army and Navy, and a large company were presented. Presentations to the Prince are by the King's pleasure regarded as equivalent to those before His Majesty. The Duke of York, Prince George, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the Earl of Harewood were among those attending at the Palace.

AN ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN ENGAGEMENT: Viscount Furness and Mrs. Enid Cavendish, widow of Brigadier-General F. H. Cavendish, a wealthy Australian, whose wedding is to take place shortly in London

GERMAN STAR FOR BRITISH FILMS: Camilla Horn, who is to make three films in England for British International Pictures, seen, with a young enthusiast, at the yachting pool on Hampstead Heath

IN COUNTY MEATH: Miss A. Cairnes, a prominent follower of the Royal Meath Foxhounds, with her prizewinning Sealyham terrier, at Navan Dog Show, where she was a prominent exhibitor

THE PAVED COURTYARD OF THE GARTER CLUB: Just now in its early summer dress the courtyard is looking particularly cool and attractive

THE HERALDIC BAR OF THE GARTER CLUB: One of the heraldic designs—the U.S.A. is symbolized by an eagle holding a cocktail shaker—which decorates this attractive room

FANTAISIE: The walls of the Club are embellished with decorative panels with an eighteenth century motif. This one portrays the drummer's dream

A CORNER OF THE RESTAURANT: Meals are served in a beautifully panelled dining-room—lunch, dinner, and supper tables can be reserved by intending diners

THE INDISPENSABLE: The snack bar is very pleasantly furnished with creamy white chairs. One can perch at the bar or sit at tables

AN IDYLLIC CLUB FOR LONDON

Nights at the Garter Described

There are all sorts and conditions of clubs. During the past few years Londoners have experienced most varieties and fortunately, for their own sakes, have become discriminating. Pseudo modern decorations, poor wine at exorbitant prices, and an attempt at a hectic gaiety which never really satisfies have all too often marred such places. At 52, Grosvenor Street, however, in a lovely house that was once the residence of Lord Peel, a really modern club has made its appearance. Modern in the sense that its management understands the requirements of to-day and, without ostentation, has provided a pleasurable meeting place where comfort and the best of everything can be had at sane prices.

The Garter Club, for that is its name, has already proved its excellence by the numbers who have patronized it during the few weeks since its opening. The decorations are the design of the Marchese Malacrida and the work of Messrs. White Allom, a sure indication of taste and discrimination, while the cooking and the wines are unexceptionable. The club is open from midday till nearly midnight and a good band plays in the evening. It is of interest that the Garter is the only club in Mayfair to have a music permit.

Another attraction is the little paved garden where, providence and the sun permitting, you may enjoy the first drink of the day under shaded trees. There is a snack bar too where the hurried luncher can yet have his mid-day meal quickly but in comfort. It would be impossible to describe in this short space the many decorative excellences which the Marchese has designed, and the many features which are already making the Garter one of London's most popular clubs. The Garter is situated just off Grosvenor Square, near the corner of Grosvenor Street and Davies Street.

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MISS POPPY WINGATE who is engaged with her brother, Mr. Sid Wingate, as a professional at the Temple Newsam Golf Club, Leeds. She was the only woman competitor in this week's Yorkshire *Evening News* Professional Golf Tournament on the Temple Newsam course

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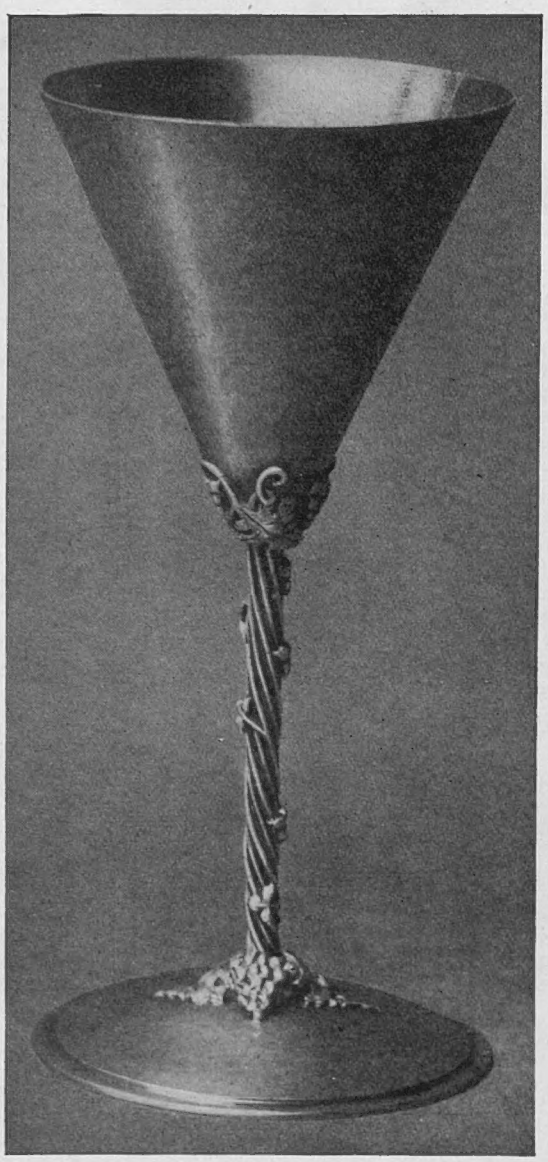
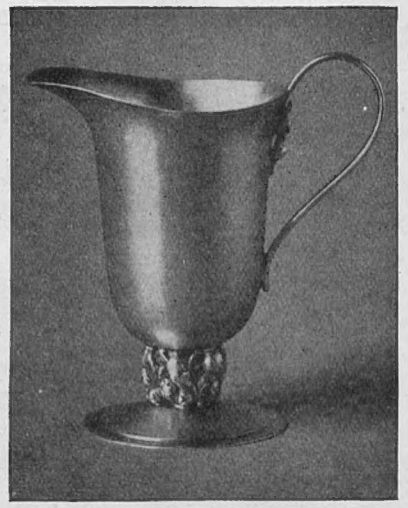
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

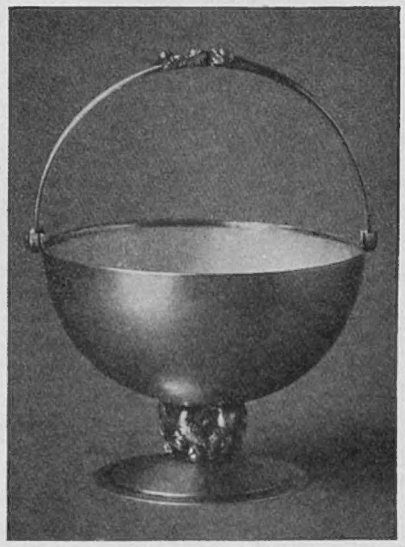
The work is now nearing completion in the new *Arethusa* Training Ship, and it is hoped that the boys will be on board by the end of this month. The necessary funds are not yet forthcoming, and every possible help is needed to clear off the balance of £18,000. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations to this great work of training poor boys for the Royal Naval and Mercantile Marine. Kindly send all gifts to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



THE PERFECT PROPORTIONS of this cocktail or wine cup are emphasized by the delicacy of the vine decoration on the slender stem. Mr. Boyton's best work can be obtained exclusively at Grinham and Williams



THE MATCHING CREAM JUG gives some idea of the beauty of the complete set. Executed in Charles Boyton's London studio



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Aberdeen	The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Branksome Dene Hotel
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Mandurah Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Bude	Falcon Hotel
Do.	Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
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Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham	Woodside Residential Hotel & Country Club
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Harrogate Hydro Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey	Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
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Do.	Crown Hotel
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Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
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Lincoln	Grand Hotel
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Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
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Do.	North Western Hotel
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Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Oban	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Porthcawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
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Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
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Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
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Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
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Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
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Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
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Do.	Grand Hotel
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Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
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Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames.	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
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Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
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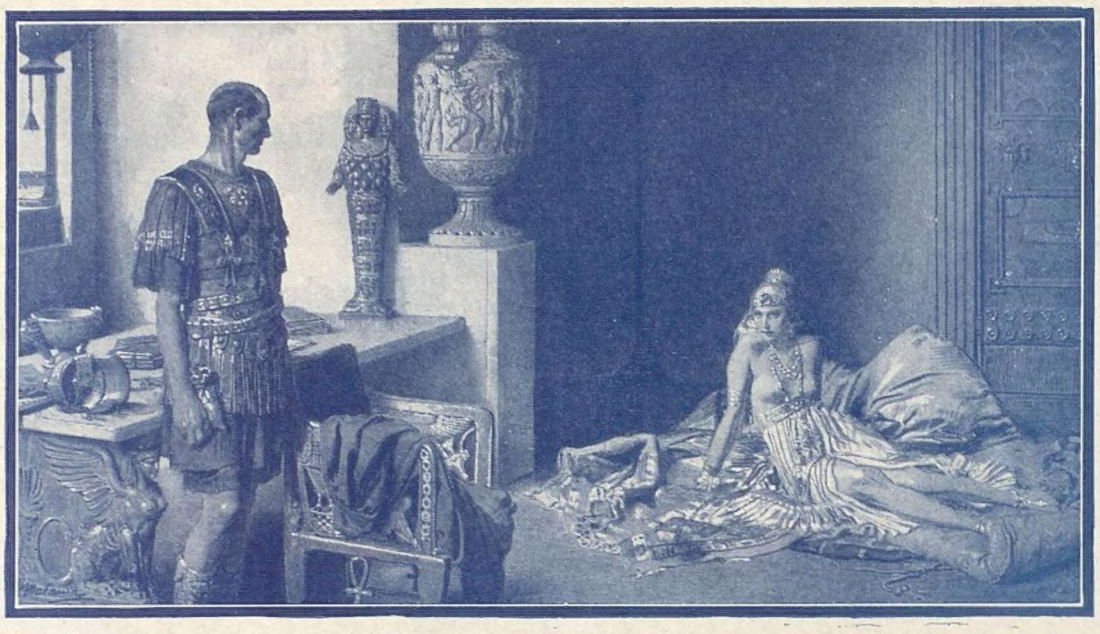

There's no better MAGAZINE for a MIDSUMMER DAY

"For a moment Blakely was stunned by the news. He then said: 'Who is she — and where did she come from?'

The man shuffled. 'I don't find oudt yet. Two days ago she gome here from nowhere. I gif her protection, but she run to the niggers, und now chief priest says she is sent to them from Wassaw.'

Blakely stared at him. 'It all sounds kind of funny to me,' he declared.

'Ya. But we nodding can do about it, eh?'

'We'll see,' said Blakely. 'Where is she? I'd like to have a word with her.'

'You bedder not try it, Blakely.' Martyn's tone held a note of grim warning. 'You like to get head chopped off, ya?'

Blakely's dislike of him suddenly burst into flame. 'I'd like to tell you what I think of you, Martyn,' he said. 'To begin with, I think you're a liar, and I'm going to do a little investigating around here.'

There was a sudden tensity in Martyn's arm, the bull-whip responding in an ominous little ripple . . . "

"WHITE BOY, BLACK BOY," by Llewellyn Hughes. You should read it. A gripping story . . .

"WIFE TO BARRY" an intriguing story by Lady Troubridge. *Playing second fiddle to a film idol wasn't too easy, for Wanda was a good deal more than just a wife to Barry* . . . . An unusually good story with an unusually good finish.

"In a room upstairs the lonely Caesar turned sharply at a knock on the door. A servant told him that a man had brought some bed-clothing to be delivered personally to him. Caesar listened to the message without ascribing any importance to it, assented, and the man was allowed in . . . .

She freed herself of her encumbrances, and there she remained sitting on the floor, paralysed half by her own daring, half by the emotion of finding herself for the first time face to face with a man whose repute had already filled the world. Then she stood up, gorgeously dressed in her Egyptian attire — the Cleopatra of twenty-one years of age — and in syrenic voice introduced herself to the dictator . . .

It was her youth, the rise and fall of her young breast as she breathed, the restlessness of her little hands in soft and nervous movement. . . . Unconsciously, the conqueror was being conquered."

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